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# On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 9 30.4.2001

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## On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 9, 30.4.2001

*On Dit* is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

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Made in the USSR.

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Come and see us in our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (right next to the often unpleasant male toilets), accessible from the Barr Smith lawns. Alternatively, email us at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

### Next Edition (Sexuality Edition):

Deadline Wednesday 2nd May

Published Monday 7th May

### Thank-yous etc...

Grace, Daisy, Gemma, Joe, Sharon, Aaron & Kylie from the Mayo, Deeptonguey, Jesus, Georgia H., Simon Guthrie (for the spiritual advice), Linda for letting Kul Kul sleep inside, stick-down Steve and stick-down Sally, Tristanley & Ben H., Ace of Base (for 'Teenage Heaven'), Anais, Lee, Mary O'Kane. No thanks to everyone who got their articles in 4 days late. You suck.

## Clem's (Sub) Editorial

I've been reading a lot about reality television lately. Most people I've spoken to about reality teevie have taken the firm stand that "it sucks". They hate reality television. They can't stand the way we as a society are being manipulated by greedy corporations, played off against each other in a reality showdown that dictates the strongest channel wins. But despite their hatred, they can't stay away. Guaranteed, the person who stands there and tells you they hate reality teevie is also the one who'll be able to tell you exactly who it is they love/hate/wish would die in a cold, miserable pit only to be rejected at the Pearly Gates for being too short/fat/gay. Reality teevie is addictive. I'm not going to offer a psychoanalytical explanation of why this is. To be honest, I could give a shit whether or not people use it to escape the drudgery of their own dull existence. I think it comes down to the simple fact that it's fun to watch people voting each other off the island, and even more fun to talk about with others. In a commercialised world, it becomes harder and harder to find things to talk about that don't apply to pop culture. All well and good, but quite frankly, J-Lo isn't that interesting anymore. The fact is, good reality television (and at this point I'll interject with my firm opinion that Australians CANNOT make reality television, or in fact any television barring "Single Girls" - that was a laugh) cannot be beaten for lively, passionate discussion. Fair enough, you may not be discussing world politics, but everyone has an opinion and they will argue it till the cows come home. Fun to contribute to, and fun to observe. Anyway, the whole point of this guest editorial hinges on the greatest realiteevie show of them all - *Survivor: The Australian Outback*. For the fans out there (and I know there are a lot), you'll be aware that the final airs this week, the culmination of sixteen weeks of angst, frustration and pillow-biting tension. Because we can't print much about it next week, being the Sexuality edition and all, I want to offer my two cents now, in this glorious forum of not so free speech.

For many of us, *Survivor: The Australian Outback* has been a harsh and cruel mistress. Having been sucked into the whole shaboodle last year with the showdown between Rich, Kelly and Susan, what line of escape did we have when it was announced that this year our fair land would be host to the new set of castaways? Personally, I was overjoyed. And I was quite happy for my tax dollars to go towards flying Mike out of the outback. Anything that ensures the continuation of *Survivor* is okay by me. But anyhoo, onto more pressing matters. Namely, who will win. My bets are on Tina. Basically, every way I look at it, she seems assured of a place in the final. She's the only castaway who can boast having NO votes placed against her. Tina's the greatest. But then so is Elisabeth. Can you think of a person you know who is that sweet? No, me neither. She's just lovely. And I won't have a word said against Colby either. As a matter of fact, out of all the final four, the only one I can't stand is Smelly Crap Chef Keith. If he gets voted off in the next round (and the way I see it is that it all hinges on Colby - he's an immunity machine) then I would be quite happy to see any of the final three win the million. I love them all.

Of course, on the subject of money, one has to ask themselves whether or not the million is the real boon. I think we can all safely say that it's just a token prize to keep people motivated. With this season's cast being ten times better looking than the last series, they don't really need to rely on the possibility that they may win, by today's standards, a paltry sum of money. Already, Colby's gotten his hands on a multi-million dollar Lee Jeans contract, and I'm sure Elisabeth won't be ignored by ad executives. Although don't expect to see her *Playboy* - she has far more integrity than nasty Jerri and dumbo Colleen. No doubt even Smelly Crap Chef Keith will cash in on the *Survivor* status and open a themed restaurant - at the end of each night, the guests could vote off a dish, or better still, a waiter. But Tina, dear sweet Tina - who's going to want her? Let's face it, as much as we love her, she's old and saggy. Can't really see anyone snaffling her up in a flash, unless it's Bendon. She's got huge norks for an old broad. The fairest thing therefore would be for Colby and Elisabeth to step down. Vote themselves off I say. So I complete this first and probably last guest editorial with the immortal words of Mikey Fyfe - Go Tina!

*Survivor: The Australian Outback* final airs Friday night.

## Linley's M1 Editorial

It's easy to ridicule the sometimes simplistic rhetoric used by anti-globalisation protesters and the ways they present themselves, but doing so is the flip side of getting at Pauline Hanson for the silly things she says and does - fun, but ultimately pointless except for generating a feeling of smugness amongst people who have already made up their minds anyway. It doesn't do anything to address the very real complaints that many have about the way the world works.

The fact that trade deals designed to protect corporations from environmental, labour or human rights laws are being negotiated in secret all over the world, that legitimate, peaceful protest is so often broken up by extreme police brutality even in supposedly democratic countries (see page 8 for more on these), and all of the other stuff about increasing gaps between the rich and the poor and corporations being the world's largest economies and all of that... it clearly shows that there's *something* going wrong.

Demonstrating outside the stock exchange may not do much to directly solve any of these problems. You may not agree with the tactics of the blockade, or with all of the goals of the protest organisers. What it does do is to show government and corporate leaders that there may be a level of awareness, dissent and even solidarity that they may have to deal with the next time they try to fuck us all over. Well, I'll be there.

## Next Edition is Sexuality Edition

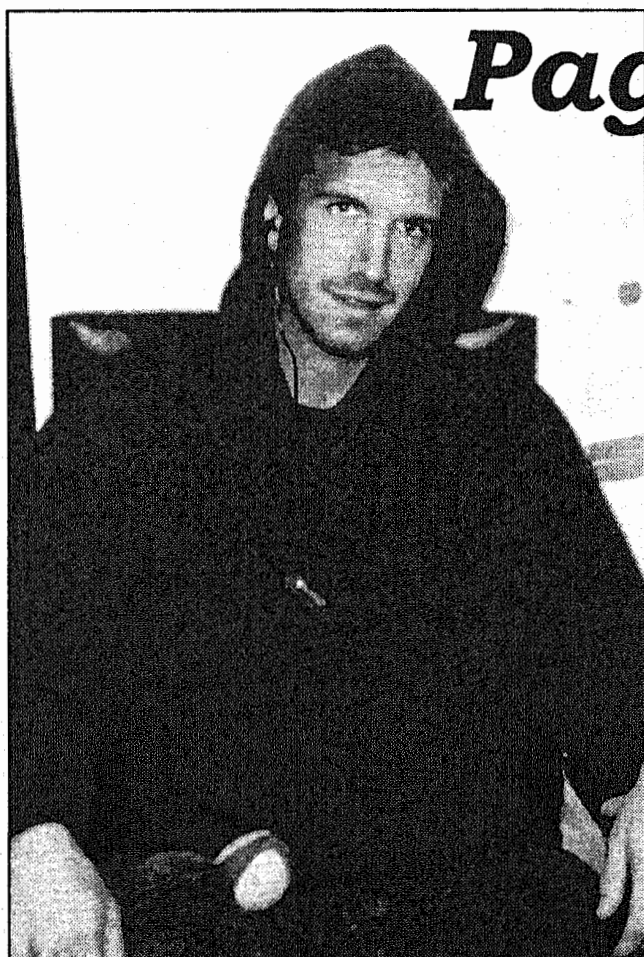
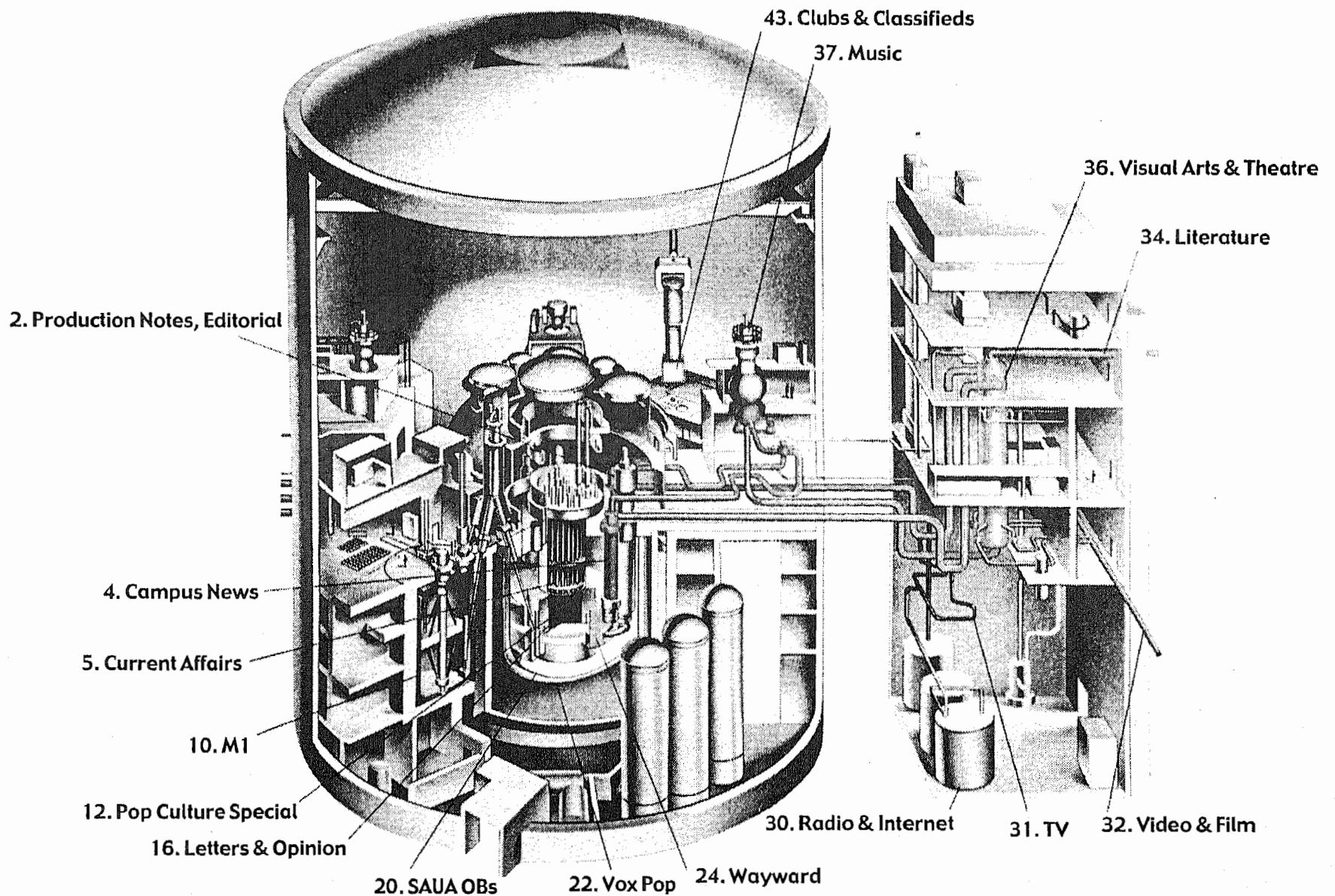
We need any sexuality-related:

Stories • Issues • Opinions • Whatever else...

that you happen to have lying around.

Get it to us by 5pm Wednesday 7th May and everything will be good.

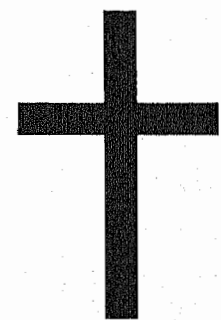
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**Page 3 boy**

## Sam Franz

Do you think you have what it takes to be an *On Dit* page 3 boy? Bring 4 full-colour shots of yourself down to the *On Dit* office and you may just join the ranks of the *On Dit* page 3 boys legion. Please include at least one nude shot.



### *In Memoriam*

The Adelaide University Union's unofficial mascot, Hillary O'Hewanpola-Young the fish, passed away peacefully on Saturday the 21st of April, 2001, and was given a water burial in the Torrens on Sunday the 22nd. She is survived by her husband and longtime companion Bill and her Godparents, Tanisha and Susie.  
Rest in Peace (and don't get eaten by a carp)

In related news, Kelpie, leader of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II's corgi pack, passed away last week. Kelpie was 17 years old (that's 119 in dog years).



# SAUA Roundup

Last Wednesday's meeting began quietly. With many Office Bearers and Councillors unable to make it, those who were there speedily got through mostly oral reports on what the OBs had been up to in the holidays, and since most of them were on leave, this was not a hell of a lot. Still, the good news came through that (faster than expected) the University had purchased the 110 computers for the new twenty-four hour computing suite, for which a site was still yet to be found. While nothing is official, level four of the Union Building (where the International Food Court used to be) is one of the possibilities being bandied around. There will also be an Information Technology survey conducted through next week's *On Dit* to work out how much students are using the services the Uni provides; the survey will also be distributed around campus and over student email.

Also, after the spate of violent at-

tacks on or around the North Terrace campus, Women's Officer Anais Chevalier informed Council that a 'Campus Security Working Group' was being formed to discuss immediate and long-term crime prevention strategies. This is hopeful, but it will be interesting to see what sorts of ideas this group will be able to come up with to improve security that haven't been considered (or rejected) in the past.

The Sexuality Officers are in busy preparation for the upcoming Sex Week, and have also finished producing their coming out booklet *2001: A Coming Out Odyssey*. For a timetable of the upcoming Sex Week events, check out page 9 of this edition. There is also a plethora of SAUA Youth Allowance Soup Kitchen days coming up, a cunning and hopefully successful plan to sell off the thousand or so remaining SAUA cups left over from Orientation.

All seems to be humming along at a slow but steady pace.

Much of the meeting was also taken up by the appointment of editors for this year's Counter Calendar (the alternative subject guide). As there were three applicants (*On Dit* sub-editors Jayne Lewis and Jenny Kalionis, and 2000 sub-ed Kate Stryker) for three positions, it was a relatively simple appointment. After the debate over last year's CC, which through a series of political and organisational disasters never came to fruition, this year's eds will be under a great deal of pressure to make sure that everything goes smoothly. Best of luck to 'em.

But just when you thought the meeting (and the Roundup) was getting boring...

...A dishevelled Councillor Adam Langman entered the room and then quickly, but excitingly, departed again.

Councillor Langman had abruptly interrupted the meeting to announce that he was resigning from SAUA Council. He did not go into his reasoning in any depth except to basically state that he didn't have enough time to properly fulfill his responsibilities, but also took the opportunity to reflect on what he thought was an unsuccessful and unmotivated council this year. Councillor Langman told Council that he did not feel that they could possibly earn enough (through sales, sponsorship etc) to break even in 2001, let alone start repaying the seemingly insurmountable debt the SAUA owes to the Union.

After this little drama had ended, the meeting quickly wrapped up, leaving us to wonder why people even bother running at all. But life goes on, and we're sure council will be back to its normal argumentative self next time. Till then...

## Ancillary Fees

### Why are we paying?

When you enrol at Uni you expect that there are certain things that you will have to pay for. Text books are usually a certainty, and most first-year students include a binge during O'Week and the 'occasional' trip to uni bar in the budget. You soon realise however that there are many other things to do with uni that you pay for, which you probably shouldn't be paying for.

*Ancillary/Supplementary fee "A fee charged for a component of your degree, materials, notes, course readers, which is not included in your HECS or upfront payment."*

In 1988 when HECS and the new funding model for Universities was introduced the legislation prohibited Universities from charging ancillary fees. This meant on paper that Universities could not charge fees as a condition of the legislation, and could not receive their higher education funding from the government if they did. The intention was to prevent Universities charging fees for **compulsory** materials which are necessary to complete a course, as these should be funded by a student's HECS

This really does not relate to Adelaide Uni however, when one of the first things you hear from a lecturer in the first lecture of the year is "course materials are available from the department office for \$\$\$\$"

Law students pay \$110 at the beginning of the year so they can receive course notes every week, without which they would not be able to begin the course let alone pass.

Engineering students are given course materials on the web and are given a certain amount of printing credits on the faculty computing labs

to print them. Often, however, these credits are only 1/4 of the required amount, and students have to fork out the rest at between 14 and 28 cents a page. Arts students, whether they study English, history, politics, geography or a language, are asked to pay for course readers. These usually contain essential reading for the course, which are usually required to undertake and complete seminar and tutorial exercises, essays and other forms of assessment.

All of these course materials are essential for students to undertake and complete their degrees. While many times the University will tell you that these materials are not compulsory, we all know that they are. Without course readers you can't complete seminars, without course out-

lines and case notes first-year law will be a haze of misunderstanding, and if Engineering students can only afford 1/4 of the required notes, I wouldn't like to be on that bridge or near that chemical factory in 10 years time.

The response from the University to a call for no ancillary fees for hard copy course materials has been to put them on the web and let students download and print them themselves. No one is going to sit in front of a computer screen for four to five hours reading notes off of a monitor, so it stands to reason that we will have to print them off at a cost similar to what we originally pay. The mode of delivery for these materials may be changing, but the cost to the students is not. The University may appear to be ne-

gating the law by telling students they are not compulsory. You don't have to buy course notes or course readers, or download and print from the University website reams of material, but if you don't you won't have the same chance as everyone else to pass. Adelaide Uni has no right to claim that it is an equitable institution when essential materials students require to pass can only be obtained if you have to the money to do so.

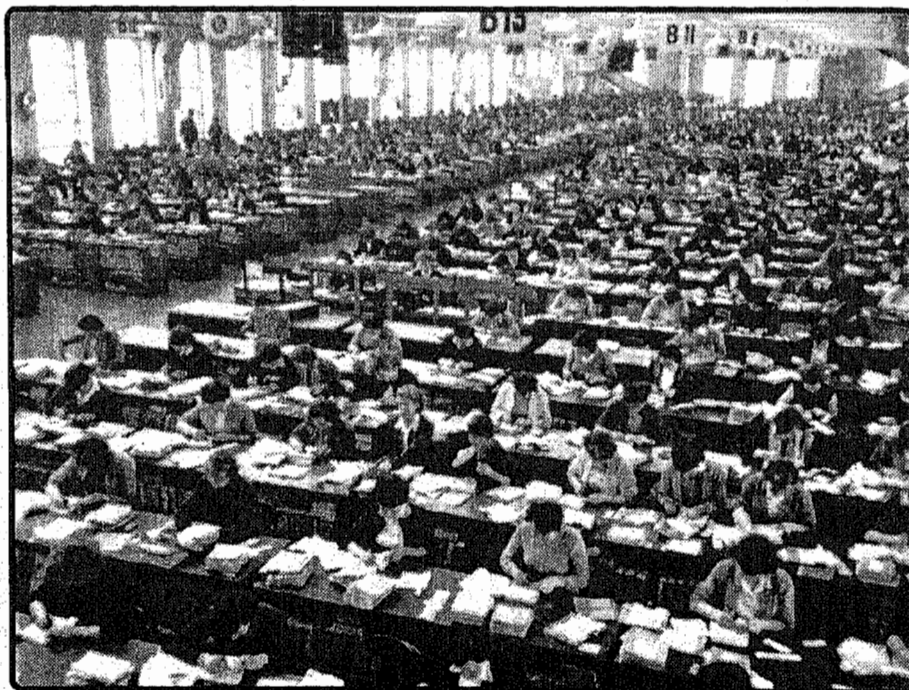
The University is not absolved from its responsibility to students. Under the law these materials are essential and you cannot pass without them. That makes them compulsory, and means that they shouldn't be charged. Don't let the University off the hook. Whether we buy them in a booklet or have to print them off in a computing lab, the University is still charging us for course materials. Not everyone has access to a computer and internet access at home either so once again the University creates an unequitable divide just like much of the Liberal Government policy it implements where those with the money succeed and those without are left behind.

Demand the Vice Chancellor conduct a full review of Ancillary fees at Adelaide University. If your angry at how much you have to pay, and have examples of how your course notes are compulsory, e-mail

[education@saua.asn.au](mailto:education@saua.asn.au), and we will present your e-mails to the Vice Chancellor with a demand for a full review.

Don't let them off the hook.

**Brad Kitschke**  
Education Vice-President.



*Little old ladies prepare course materials for distribution*



# Uni to charge for Internet use?

According to a rumour circulating among staff and students, the University is considering charging for undergraduate student internet access from second semester this year. Apparently the University's bill for internet service is huge and is increasing exponentially, and the administration is concerned that it is paying for students' recreational access. Under the rumoured plan, students would be allocated a quota of free use (in terms of amount of data downloaded) and would be charged for any additional use.

If you have accessed the internet through the University's proxy server anytime recently, you will have noticed the little box that pops up and requests your student number and password. This reportedly allows the University to track what you look at and how much internet traffic you use, although it is not necessarily making use of this capability at present.

The University's information technology division couldn't comment, as its General Manager has been on leave. We hope to contact him sometime in the near future to find out the real story.



Did you say PAY for internet access!?

# Newsflash! John Howard is a tightarse!

In the wake of the Federal Government's family orientated anti-drug campaign, a report leaked during Parliamentary Question Time showed that Howard Government policies have forced many students and young people to deal drugs to survive.

The damning Pathways Report came out uncannily soon after the release of the Coalition's "drug strategy" - a campaign involving television, radio and the widespread distribution of pamphlets. Many commentators have suggested that the ALP had been aware of the report for some time, and had delayed its release in an effort to politically counteract the Government's drug policy.

The report deals with issues that student organisations have been attempting to raise for some time. In particular, the National Union of Students has criticised the size of youth benefits with respect to the national poverty line. Currently, the poverty line for a single person is \$559.76 per fortnight. With maximum rent assistance, Youth Allowance is 62.12 percent of the poverty line.

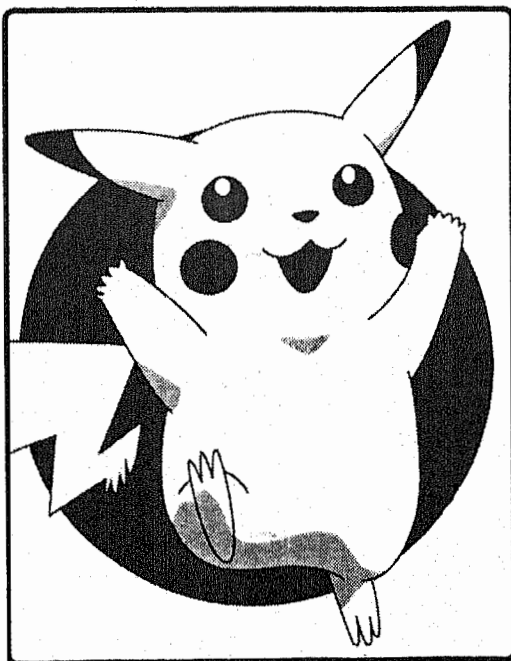
The parental income threshold (at which the rate of Youth Allowance starts to reduce) is currently set at \$25,150 - more than \$13,000 below average weekly earnings. As such, many families with modest incomes are not entitled to Youth Allowance, or receive a fraction of the full benefit.

Figures such as these were cited in the Pathways Report, which contended that the inadequacy of benefits such as Youth Allowance and AUSTUDY is a major reason for the rise in levels of drug dealing and prostitution among young people.

A media release by NUS Welfare Officer Rachel Thompson said that "the so-called revelations from the report are not that surprising. Anecdotal and solid evidence available to student organisations shows that not only do some students turn to criminal behaviour like theft and drug dealing to survive, but there is a number of students who turn to the sex industry to earn money."

Tristan

# Pokemon: Harmless Japanese toy or subversive Zionist conspiracy?



Saudi Arabia has recently banned all sales of Pokemon products and has appealed to its people to turn in any that they may already own after a ruling from the country's top religious authority. Meanwhile, Islamic leaders in Dubai, Qatar, Oman, Egypt and Oman have declared Pokemon a threat to Islam.

The Saudi ban started off with a rumour that 'Pokemon' means 'there is no God in the universe' and 'Pikachu' means 'be a Jew'. Nintendo has denied that Pokemon is anti-Islam, but many hardline Islamic leaders see in Pokemon cards (some of which feature six-pointed stars) a Zionist plot to spread atheism, gambling, and belief in the theory of evolution.

While concern over the cards began with parents worrying that their children were spending inordinate amounts of time and money collecting them, current tensions in the Middle East made it perhaps inevitable that a complaint about trade practices unfairly targeting children would turn into a divisive religious issue.

Nintendo has only recently begun marketing Pokemon in the Middle East, and may now be regretting its decision to begin doing so.

# Diggers cash in on recession

While students like you and me continue to be hit hard by the GST, pensioners are set to receive more compensation for the 1999 tax package. The Federal Coalition has released details of a package to ease the growing GST burden on pensioners, to take effect after next month's Budget.

Already, last July, pensioners received one round of GST compensation in the form of a 4 percent rise above the inflation index.

However, according to both pensioner groups and the Federal Opposition, elderly Australians have been hit hard by price rises, on top of another wave of GST increases in insurance and utility bills. Furthermore, pensioners continue to claim that they will be hit hardest by the largely unanticipated slowdown in the economy.

The slowdown is now expected to result in a dramatic rundown of the Budget surplus, particularly in light of the fact that the recent increase in compensation for pensioners is only the latest in a long list of expensive backflips arising from the introduction of the 1999 tax package. Currently, Prime Minister Howard is emphasising the importance of a "balanced budget" - a marked change from

last month's claim that the combined effect of slowdown and successive compensation amendments would only have a negligible impact on the surplus.

Senior Liberals are now arguing that during these harder times the Government should be returning a "dividend" to the electorate. Translated, this means that next month's Budget is far more likely to be in deficit than surplus. Expect the ALP to capitalise on yet another embarrassing mark on Howard and Costello's economic report card.

"The Government needs to come clean, not sanitise it, and not pretend that we haven't got a problem," Shadow Treasurer Simon Crean said. God bless him.

The increase in pensioner compensation has angered many student organisations, who have been lobbying for increased GST relief since the introduction of the tax package. "Hardly surprising, really. A conservative government shouldn't waste its time pandering to left-leaning students," said political commentator Clementine Ford. "Loyal old diggers with extra pocket money will be the key to the Coalition's re-election," she added.

Tristan



# Quirky News By Leila Hallak

## Delicate Problem

In March, responding to what he calls Europe's "delicate problem" of too few taxpayers to support an increasing population of retirees, former tennis great Bjorn Borg urged westerners in a signed, full-page, English-language ad in Sweden's leading financial newspaper *Dagens Industri* to step up their procreation. The ad, purchased by Borg's clothing company, urged readers to "Get to it" and to "F— for the Future".

## Child Stars

The *Philippine Daily Inquirer* reported in December that a 9-year-old boy started up a parked transit bus using a screwdriver and drove it an eighth of a mile in morning rush hour in downtown Quezon City before police overtook him. (He said his father taught him the trick with the screwdriver). And 2-year-old Harry Fairweather caused a furore last winter in Winsford, England, by regularly setting off retail stores' shoplifting alarms just by passing by the detectors; medical exams have to date turned up no certain answers on how Harry could have such a strong electrical field around his body.

## Smooth Criminals

Police in Jacksonville, Florida, arrested Robert Eric Denney, 19, for a 1998 murder, and a Florida Times-Union report in March revealed that his DNA is linked to the crime scene. Despite close surveillance, Denney had avoided giving up a DNA sample, three times foiling officers (refusing a glass of water; putting a cigarette butt back in his pocket rather than discarding it; declining to lick-seal an envelope) and smirking that he knew what the officers were trying to do. Shortly after that, while walking around outside his workplace, Denney absentmindedly spat on the ground, and officers scooped up the saliva and rushed it to the lab.

And: In March, Charles Douglas Stephens Jr., was acquitted in Panama City, Florida, after only 15 minutes' deliberation, apparently because the jury accepted his indignant denial that he ever robbed a convenience store. Stephens had pointed out to police that he had served time for murder and that he would probably murder again if the circumstances warranted, but that he could not have robbed that Circle K because he would never have been "stupid enough" to leave witnesses alive.

## The Devil Made Him Do It

A 68-year-old repeat child molester, charged with impregnating his 13-year-old daughter, explaining himself (in Edmonton, Alberta, in February), said he only "accidentally" had sex with her when she slipped into his bed one night and that the whole thing was "a trap the Devil had set, not something I consented to or something I had control over".

## Who Said Beer Won't Kill You?

In February, Australian ex-soldier Frederick Somerfield, 79, won his appeal and will now receive a military disability pension, based on heart trouble that he said was caused by having drunk too much beer while stationed at remote locations during World War II. In fact, he said, some of the locations were so remote that the only alcoholic beverages available were very cheap brews, which were especially bad on his heart.

## Least Justifiable Homicides

A 43-year-old driver was shot to death in Lynwood, California, in January because, stopped at an intersection, he refused to run the unusually long red light despite the fact that there was no other traffic, a reluctance that annoyed the driver behind him, who pulled out a gun and started firing. Also, a 56-year-old man who lived in unit 712 of a Miami Beach apartment building was shot to death in February, allegedly by the resident in 512 who had once too often endured the overflow bathtub in 712; the resident of 612, who usually mediated the men's disputes, was not home that day.

## 'Nuff Said

In Butler County, Pa., in March, Tammy Lynn Felbaum, 42, was charged in connection with the death of her sixth husband, James Felbaum, who died from complications of a botched castration, which Tammy said James performed on himself. Tammy (who used to be Tommy Wyda before allegedly castrating himself in 1980 in order to move up in the sex-change-surgery queue at Case Western Reserve medical school) was known in the community as an amateur medical practitioner, allegedly working on animals, and in a previous career as a stripper was known for crushing empty soda cans between her breasts. A crude surgical-consent form, signed by James, was found in the couple's home, but Tammy told police she had nothing to do with the fatal operation and that the form was actually from an earlier castration attempt by James.

## An Indecent Proposal

A German folk singer has agreed to rent his girlfriend's body to a 36-year-old millionaire for a year to pay for a liver transplant. 56-year-old Christian Anders drew up the contract agreeing to rent out 20-year old Jenna Kartes's body for a year in return for around \$450,000. Kartes agreed to the arrangement out of love for Anders, and said, "I will sleep with Michael because I love Christian.. Perhaps he can then afford a new liver."

## He Works Hard for the Money

In a decision published in February, Canada's Tax Court rejected Newfoundland magician Hans Zahn's attempt to claim business losses on his income tax returns, ruling that Zahn's record of losing money for the last 17 years, plus the province's economy and the nature of its far-flung communities, urge the conclusion that no reasonable person would think Newfoundland could support a magician. Zahn said he once earned about \$1,200 (USD) a week but started suffering setbacks; for example, the rabbits he used in his act started dying in the frigid Newfoundland winters. "You try to bring world-class entertainment to the regions," lamented Zahn, "and Revenue Canada (the taxing agency) penalises you for it."

## Least Competent Criminals

In December, according to Albuquerque (yes, it is an actual town) police, James Sammon skipped out on a tab at Paisano's Italian Restaurant, but his chances for success were not good because he was dining with his two young sons that night and left the 6-year-old behind. And a shoplifting suspect (Home Depot, St. Louis), left his 10-month-old son behind as he fled the store's security guards; the baby's mother identified Vernell Parker, 41, as the alleged culprit, and he was found and arrested three days later.

## My Name is (What??)

The Federal Communications Commission proposed a \$7,000 fine against radio station WZEE-FM, Madison, Wisconsin, in January for violating its "indecent" regulations by playing the raw, unedited version of the Eminem song "The Real Slim Shady" during hours when children could be listening. Station personnel defended themselves by saying that they of course had cued up the milder, edited version of the song but that "static electricity" caused the station's CD player to skip that and jump right to the nasty version.

Feeling ripped off by Centrelink?

Want to know more about Youth Allowance?

Want to know if you are eligible, how to get it, loopholes, restrictions and more...

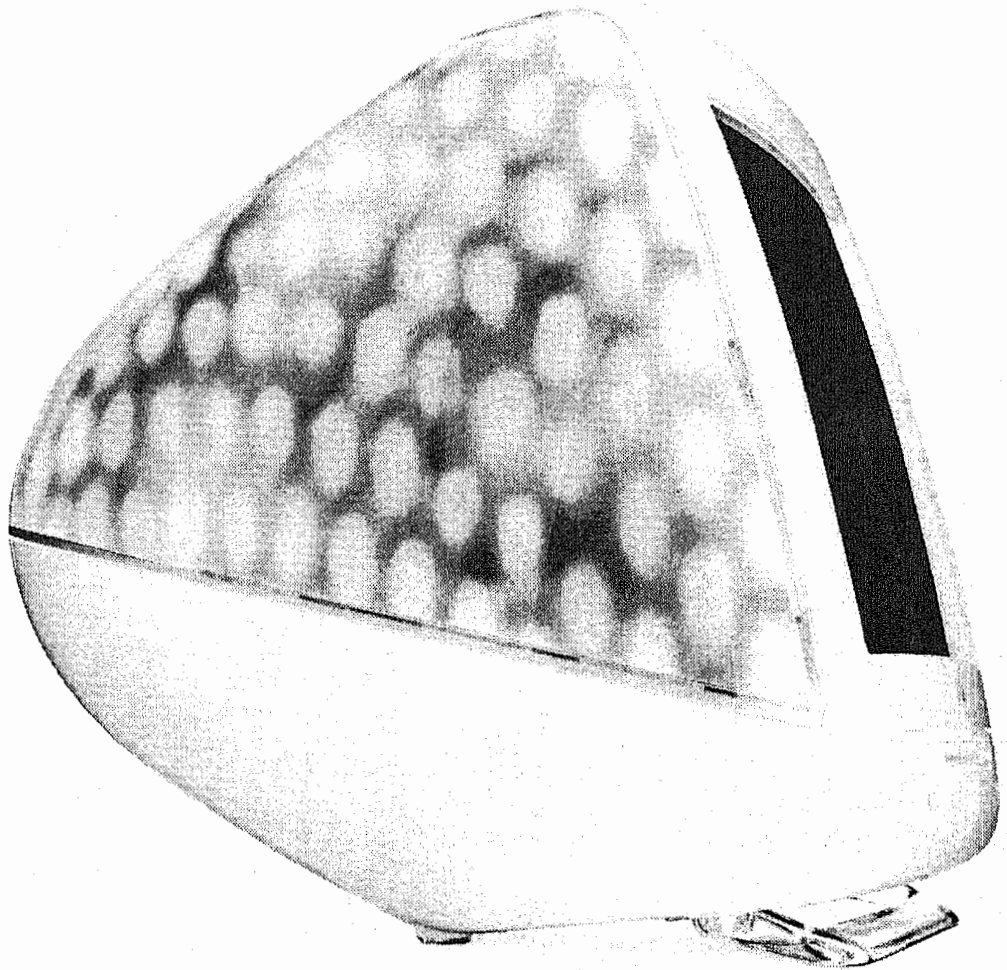
Come to the SAUA Education Department Youth Allowance Forum

1pm Wednesday May 2nd, Union Cinema



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On April 20-22 this year, governments and corporations from North and South America met in Quebec City, Canada, to negotiate a new trade agreement - the Free Trade Area of the Americas.

The city administration surrounded the centre in which the meeting took place with an enormous ring of trenches and fences to make sure that only official delegates of governments and corporations could gain access to the secret negotiations held inside. Huge crowds of protesters from Canada and the USA (estimated by the BBC to number 30,000) gathered outside the barricade to protest against the FTAA and the agenda behind it. Although most gathered in

# A20 QUEBEC

## Protests against modern economic Fascism

order to take part in a peaceful demonstration, the day turned ugly.

Unlike last year's S11 (September 11) protest outside the World Economic Forum meeting in Melbourne, where brutal police violence was met with passive resistance, the Quebec protest became extremely violent,

with protesters (particularly the notorious Black Bloc anarchist faction) hurling rocks and molotov cocktails as police attacked crowds with batons, teargas, rubber bullets, dogs and water cannon. Scores of protesters and a few police were injured, with one man in a serious condition after be-

ing hit in the neck with a rubber bullet and many others in hospital.

Some reports tell of armoured police breaking up the protesters' medical centre at gunpoint, beating anyone found with a gas mask or camera, leaving busses full of arrested protesters in the paths of clouds of teargas, deliberately firing rubber bullets and teargas canisters at people's heads and just generally being brutal. Meanwhile, according to the *Montreal Gazette*, members of the team of lawyers commissioned by the government to prosecute protesters have complained that they have been asked to manipulate the judicial system to violate the civil rights of those arrested by police.

## The FTAA

The Free Trade Area of the Americas agreement extends the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), which includes Canada, the USA and Mexico, to cover all of both American continents and the Caribbean (except for Cuba, which is considered too undemocratic to join). Basically, the FTAA would prevent signatory governments putting into place any barriers to trade across their borders, including labour and environmental standards and anti-monopoly laws.

The FTAA has been negotiated in secret between government leaders and representatives of the corporations that stand to gain the most from a breakdown in government regulation of trade. The secrecy is such that even most politicians from the nations involved have never seen the text of the agree-

ments, and no representatives of human rights, labour or environmental groups have been allowed access to the negotiations.

Although the FTAA only affects North and South America, it is part of a global effort to introduce, often by stealth, trade agreements which take away the rights of elected governments to protect their citizens from unfair labour practices, environmental damage, concentrations of market power, untested technologies (such as genetically engineered food) and attacks on human and civil rights. While the Multilateral Agreement on Investment (which was in many ways similar to the FTAA) was abandoned in the face of worldwide public outcry in 1999, the World Trade Organisation has been further pursuing this agenda and will continue to do so.

For more information:  
Public Citizen ([www.publiccitizen.org](http://www.publiccitizen.org))



## Dissent

The protest in Quebec was not an isolated event, but part of a wave of dissent against the negative effects of globalisation and the collusion of governments and private interests in allowing them to occur.

This Tuesday's M1 blockade of the Adelaide Stock Exchange is part of the same broad movement against corporatism and the evil side of globalisation. However, M1 has been organised expressly as a peaceful protest and is unlikely to degenerate into violence anything like that seen in Quebec.

## Indymedia

The conference, the protest and the surrounding events were reported live on Indymedia, the worldwide independent media network, in the same way that S11 and the 1999 Seattle riots were - with frontline reports, audio, video and photographs.

Go to [www.indymedia.org/ftaa](http://www.indymedia.org/ftaa) for more information, and follow the links to other sites with related information.

Linley Henzell



## Bush kills Kyoto

The future of global warming looks dubious, thanks to US President Bush's refusal to ratify the Kyoto Protocol on Climate Change last month. Prime Minister John Howard and Environment Minister Robert Hill seem have also refused to ratify the treaty.

Begun in 1997, the Kyoto Protocol on Climate Change states that the level of greenhouse gas (Carbon Dioxide, Methane, Nitrous Oxide, and miscellaneous industrial by-products) emissions held in 1990 should be reduced by 5.2% worldwide by 2012. These levels currently stand at 15% above the 1990 level. For this treaty to come into effect, it must be ratified by at least 55 nations, which together must account for 55% of the world's greenhouse gas emissions. With the U.S. responsible for more emissions than any other nation (25%), fulfilling this treaty will be difficult without their support. "I don't think Kyoto

can last without U.S. support" said Robert Hill. Most independent analysts argue that without the support of both the U.S. and Australia, Kyoto doesn't stand a snowball's proverbial.

William Hare, Climate Policy chief of Greenpeace International said, "Continuing to await the United States coming forward...is a losing game. They don't intend to bring anything to the table. The key message we get is that it is time for the rest of the world to stop listening to the U.S." Critics believe that Bush's stance on Kyoto is the result of a young administration concentrating too much on domestic policy, and not enough on the international side of things. Bush justified his decision by drawing attention to the fact that de-

## Howard tags along

veloping nations will not be included in the treaty, and suggests that this unfairly favours these nations, which will supposedly hurt the U.S. economy.

Bush's environmental policy has left much to be desired over the first 100 days of his administration. Aside from failing to join the Kyoto treaty, Bush has backed a push by U.S. oil companies to begin mining in Alaska's 'Arctic National Wildlife Refuge', possibly the largest piece of pristine wilderness in North America. Estimates suggest that there are 3.2 billion barrels of oil to be drilled for, which is enough to fuel the U.S. for a mere six months.

One can't help but notice that the largest contributor to the Bush cam-



The future of the human race is in good hands.



paign was U.S. oil company, Exxon. The Global Green movement has endorsed a worldwide boycott on all Exxon products. With all kinds of luck, U.S. oil companies will remove pressure from Bush so that the U.S. can ratify the treaty. Companies like Shell and BP, which have begun research and development on biomass and solar energy, have not been included in the boycott.

Greens senator Bob Browne reportedly tore up his Mobil-Exxon petrol expense card, after the Senate passed his motion which condemned the Bush Administration and the Howard Government for failing to ratify the treaty. Brown soon forwarded a motion calling on the Government to ratify the Kyoto Protocol on climate change. This was blocked in the Senate by both the Government and the Opposition. Brown stated that the ALP had thrown away a chance to win the environmental and youth vote from the Government in the upcoming federal election.

Hagemann



SAUA Sexuality Department and AUPride Present...

# Sexuality / Pride Week

May 7th - 11th

## Monday 7th

*Beer, Band, BBQ, Student Radio Fun and Frolicking*

Where: Barr Smith Lawns  
When: 11am - 3pm

## Tuesday 8th

*Services Day - BBQ, Student Radio*

Where: Cloisters  
When: 11pm - 3pm

*Launch of the 'Coming Out' booklet, Arts show, Performers.*

Where: Gallery Coffee Shop  
When: 6:30pm - 10pm

## Wednesday 9th

*Picnic with UniSA*

Where: UniSA Magill Campus  
When: 11:30am - 2pm

*Movie:*

*Better than Chocolate*

Where: Union Cinema  
When: 7pm

## Thursday 10th

*George Duncan Memorial*

Where: Meet Barr Smith Lawns,  
Walk to Torrens River  
When: 2pm

*'Pop' Dance Party*

Where: Enigma, Hindley St.  
When: 8pm

## Friday 11th

*Movie*

Where: Union Cinema  
When: 12pm



# May 1st 2001

## M1 WHY

As you are all probably aware, the state of the world is far from ideal. Some 3.2 billion people live in economies with an annual gross national product of \$725 or less per capita, four fifths of the population earn only one fifth of the world's GNP and the gap between rich and poor is rapidly widening. M1 Adelaide is basically a group of people who have decided that as well as recognising that this is pretty wrong, they are going to do something about it. And yes, it's easy to dismiss any attempts to Do Something as totally unrealistic and naive but it seems equally unlikely that doing something, however small, will make things worse. And, as it has been said, all that is necessary for evil to triumph is that good men (and presumably women) do nothing. So, M1 Adelaide have decided to do something and that something is **BLOCKADE THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON MAY THE FIRST**. This is part of a nation wide movement to shut down the Australian Stock Exchange on May first.

The basic idea behind this is that we live in a world where the doctrine of economic development over human rights is ascendant. Every day a few zillion dollars are thrown around in

bal system isn't really making a huge amount of difference in terms of redistributing wealth or advancing the good of human kind. The way it was explained to me was that if someone



Let's protest like it's 1959.

Except about different issues, with different tactics, and wearing different clothes.

the international money market and a comparable number of people die from malnutrition. Well, maybe not exactly but my point is that the glo-

decides that Thailand's economy is looking good and they'd like to be a part of that thank you very much, they buy, say, ten million dollars worth of baht. But what this means is that they haven't got much confidence in the Lao or Cambodian economy so the kip and riel both plummet in value. Which leaves your average Laotian fisher person eking out an existence on the Nam Ou River in an even worse position than they were in before without them having any control over the process. And yes, my economics is over simplistic but you can get the general gist of what I'm trying to communicate. Basically, people are disenfranchised and disempowered by processes distant and alien to them and over which they have no control.

This is why we have chosen the Stock Exchange as the focus for our protest - it is a representation of a system we seek to amend. It's a symbolic thing more than anything else (the Adelaide Stock Exchange is only an administrative branch). As well, as this symbolism, we intend to shut everything down, nationwide on May first. If we are successful (which of course

we will be because all you readers of *On Dit* will come along and show your support) the Australian Stock Exchange will be disabled for the day. This might seem to be an arbitrarily destructive thing to aspire towards. The logic behind it is that people will be forced to take notice of the fact there are a growing number of people who are very cross about the way the world is at the moment and that they would like something to be done about it. Without this slant, M1 is in danger of being just another protest, unlikely to result in concrete action. Additionally, the stock exchange building in Adelaide is Santos Tower which is home to a large number of corporate nasties and, quite frankly, if Santos makes less money because of us I won't be too fussed.

M1 Adelaide does not have a specific ideology. We are not socialists or anarchists or anything specific. We are just a group of concerned people who all agree that something must be done. You don't have to subscribe to any particular school of thought to have an opinion and want to act on it. You just have to get to the acting part of the equation. The idea behind M1 is drawn from the S11 protests in Melbourne last year. M1 is a continuation of that sentiment. It's familiar rhetoric but mass movements can have an impact. S11 certainly alarmed a whole lot of people in positions of power, including the PM who condemned it as 'unAustralian'. As a response to S11 and similar protests in Seattle, Prague, Nice and a few other places I forget, there has been a move towards rewriting policies with a humanist slant (although not towards actually doing anything mind you). Protests are starting to worry the powers that be. There is a growing movement against corporate globalisation and neo-Western imperialism. You can be a part of it if you want. Come along to Santos Tower on May the first. Bring everyone you know, instruments, opinions, banners, puppets, balloons - whatever. Just be there. Because it is important.

Thanks  
Ella

As you're reading this, the protest may already be on.

Anytime on Tuesday, head to Currie St and join in!

# Youth Allowance Soup Days

\$1 with a SAUA cup



Every Wednesday

Barr Smith Lawns from 12 noon



**Tuesday May 1st**  
**Non-violent blockade of the Adelaide Stock Exchange**  
**Meet at the base of the SANTOS building, Currie Street**  
**from 7am onwards**

**M1**  
**TACTICS**

While few people are seriously arguing that massive third world debt and impoverishment, environmental degradation and the increasing focus of wealth in the hands of a few are good things, there are many who question the tactics of the anti corporate globalisation movement. It is with such a person that I have been having an argument over the past few weeks. Although I doubt very much that I have any chance of convincing him, it occurred to me that if I could explain the rationale behind our decisions perhaps those who are a little hesitant about joining the blockade might be convinced to take to the streets on Tuesday.

To start with, I think it's important to make the point that M1 is not the be all and end all of the anti corporate globalisation movement. More than anything else it is a launching point aimed at getting people's attention. S11 did that for Melbourne and, accordingly, the actions organised by Melbourne activists since have had a lot more people involved. People heard about S11 in Adelaide but not every-

one knows someone who was involved or has seen the amazing footage of the blockade. Already, there are a huge number of committed activists in Adelaide - if we can unite these disparate groups we will be able to create a movement with significantly more political clout. And, as the politicians are so fond of telling us, the world is an increasingly interconnected place. The same is true of the social movement. Whether you are campaigning for an end to genetic modification or against the Jabiluka mine, you are campaigning against the increasing power wielded by multinational corporations and the increased reluctance of politicians to challenge it. Increased interconnectedness of the social movement will mean that we are able to make a more powerful statement and create real change. So M1 Adelaide is a rallying call to activists, but also to people who know there is something seriously wrong with the world but are unsure how to start creating change.

One major problem a lot of people have with M1 is that it is a blockade. 'Blockade', it seems, is a very evocative word and one which conjures up images of police and activist brutality. Admittedly, there have been blockades which have deteriorated into such chaos. But blockades are not intrinsically violent. As an avowed pacifist, I would not be involved if I thought otherwise. Yes, blockades are obstructive

and fall into that category of action known as civil disobedience, but they are not violent until they are either violently broken up or violently resisted. M1 does not want this to happen. Accordingly we have arranged the day so as to make the chances of physical violence very slight. Over the past few weeks we have arranged a number of workshops to teach people peaceful protesting methods. On the day, there will be trained M1 people there so that everyone is able to access at least an impromptu training session in non-violent protesting methods. Our aim is not to have a blockade at all costs. If all we wanted was to stop people from entering the Santos building we wouldn't bother building M1 as an event requiring mass participation. We'd just go down there with some tubes of silicone and a can of epoxy. What we want is for 500,000 people to arrive at 7am so we can encircle the whole city block with a solid wall of people. So when the employees arrive they are unable to enter. This is not intrinsically violent. What will determine whether or not M1 is violent is how people and police react and how the protesters then react. It is possible to have a non-violent blockade, Gandhi demonstrated this time and time again during the Quit India movement, and we have organised M1 to make sure we continue in this tradition of non-violence.

We have chosen to enact a blockade but focus more on the idea of a blockade in a symbolic sense. To blockade is to physically try to stop something. This is a more serious approach than shouting and waving placards (although we intend to do plenty of that too). It is this seriousness that we wish to convey both to the powers that be and to those who would potentially join our movement. Perhaps those who would be apathetic towards a rally or demonstration may be motivated to attend the M1 blockade given the relative scarcity and seriousness of blockades. This is another reason for our decision to blockade the ASX.

Additionally, given the incredible suffering and environmental degradation which characterises the current state of things, it would seem that it is important to shock and, yes, even alienate people to make them sit up and take notice of the world around them. It is easy to become absorbed in the day to day mundanity of life. What this means is that it is occasionally necessary for people to be administered a metaphorical slap across the face in order for them to put their worries into perspective. Without this it is too easy for everything to just continue on its merry downward spiral without people really understanding how or why it happened.

M1 attempts to gather the already socially aware into one unified, diverse movement and make a powerful statement to the general public about our intention to create real change. It is only part of the equation though; part of what will be an ongoing movement. So join the blockade and add your voice to those opposing the inequity and oppression of this world.


AU Pride & Adelaide Uni Sexuality Dept present:

**POA**  
**the dance party**  
 Featuring: Racer X, Bel & ...just wait and see...

**Thursday May 10 9pm to 3am**  
 @  
 Enigma Bar  
 173 Hindley St Adelaide

**TICKETS**  
 Uni Students \$8, General Admission \$10 (\$2 extra at the door)  
 Available from:  
 B# Records Rundle St, Central Station Rundle Mall,  
 Adelaide Uni Students' Association (George Murray Building)

Something unexpected always **POAs** up!





# Kylie the Great

## People love Kylie - deal with it

Ahhh Kylie. Is there any mania happier than over this itty-bitty Australian icon? And what is wrong with that? Nothing!

There's nothing that I can say about why I love Kylie that hasn't been said before - she's endearingly cute (halfway between a child and a pixie); she's bubbly; she sings, dances and shakes her little booty, she's a home grown success story (the gushing media helps) and Madonna likes her. And she's so popular: *The Australian* columnist Emma Tom stated just last week that these days it was extremely unfashionable to give shit to Kylie (however, it is very fashionable to give shit to Emma Tom, who did I mention has about as much street-cred as Mia Handshin at the moment). This is because Kylie is no longer followed - she's revered.

Even if you've never had the desire, you would have inevitably followed Kylie through every twist and turn of her career. You watched her through the post 'Better the Devil You Know' blues to re-emerge in a

Nick Cave assisted comeback, you cringed through the bad movies and the *Impossible Princess* disaster (Kylie: stick with pop), to the joy of her closing ceremony performance, simply because of the place she has carved for herself in Australian culture. Neighbours icon, pop icon, fashion icon, gay icon - take your pick. From that time in the eighties when everyone was more fixated on predicting a HUGE career for Jason Donovan, she's come from humble beginnings and become a success that has actually lasted. What is so bad about that?

With all the above in mind, myself and a group of like-minded girlfriends (this being the kind of activity that you can only do with girlfriends, as my quick observations of the audience confirmed) gathered ourselves with aplomb for the Kylie concert on Wednesday night for a good old serving of happy radio-friendly Kylie-brand pop. We arrived at the Entertainment Centre and were instantly surrounded by Kylie paraphernalia. Not just on

sale, but on all the groupies. It was a little scary. We quickly got our seats and waited for the action to begin.

At this point I would like to give a special mention to the opening act, who don't deserve it at all because is just to say: you guys sucked. We could tell you were lip-synching and you can't convince us you are playing a guitar if you don't even have it plugged into an amp.

The evening marred by this disappointment, we could only sit back and wait through the twenty Lux Skincare commercials for the lights to dim and the goddess herself to emerge. And then she did, on an anchor being lowered from the ceiling, launching into some little Calypso ditty that I didn't recognise, flanked by an ensemble of dancers and two very cool black chicks who were her back-up singers.

Now, I've always loved Kylie, but I still never believed she could sing. So when I heard her soar up and reach those high notes in 'Confide in Me' which I had always assumed were covered by a synthesizer, I gained a whole other layer of respect for her ability as a performer (really).

What you could never doubt is Kylie's ability as an entertainer. She held the whole audience in the palm of her hand, making reference to Adelaide as if it were the hometown she hadn't seen in twenty years, turning the lights on to schmooze with everybody and getting us all to do Mexican waves. She belted out all my favourites and many extras - an eighties medley (condensing early Kylie into seven minutes), an 'acoustic' version of 'Put Yourself in my Place', and an incredibly steamy cover of 'Let's Get Physical', which involved bikinis and poles and what I from here on will refer to as the half-bum dress, because that's how much it covered.

In fact, if there is one trait Kylie can call her own, it is that ability to seem so sweet and innocent, almost childlike, only to moments later reappear in the half-bum dress and flirt wildly with every single member of the audience and all of her male dancers. Also, one can't escape the facts: Kylie wears very skimpy



Don't worry Kylie...I know you can sing

outfits. But she probably likes it and even if she didn't, she'd probably still do it because it's such an essential ingredient to her marketability. And anyway, if we all looked like she does, we'd probably dress the same way.

I had fun at the Kylie concert, and I'm not ashamed to say so. So her music might not be of the highest calibre - why does it have to be for people to enjoy it? As for her 'icon' status, I think Kylie embodies a lot of qualities Australians want to be projected overseas as representing our country: sophistication and style but with an easygoing manner - perhaps this is why she was chosen to perform at the Olympics. Even people who hate her music could not possibly argue that she hasn't been successful, and from what I can see from the workings of the pop world, that's what it's all about. All the cynics out there should accept her for who she is, because regardless of what they say, her fans will just continue to embrace whatever may be the latest Kylie offering - and why not?

Come back soon Kylie (the disco needs you).

Penny Chaiké

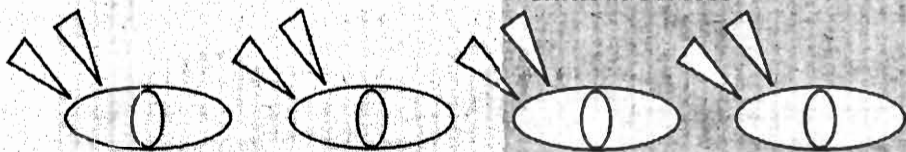
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# Reality TV Isn't Real Enough

I don't really watch television. Every now and then I try to catch *The Simpsons*, but that's about it. I did, however, make an effort to watch *Survivor 2: Desert Romp* the other night and I've got to say that I was quite appalled at how crap the show was. Before you race on over to the lawns and tear me limb from limb, just hear me out.

I did think it was interesting to see who would get voted off, bitchiness is fairly interesting but not all that interesting. The challenges themselves were plain boring - like the running through the semi-scrub attached to ropes. Orienteering for morons. It even had to be spliced with close-up shots of tiny little spiders hanging nowhere near the contestants to make it seem half-way thrilling. But the amount of actual scripting that had gone into it was hidden so poorly that I had to laugh. The tension-building technique used making the guy (Richard?) who had got a reward the last time win the award again so that it would perfectly complement the rest of the group's tortured night, was so obvious I could have written it myself. Does it seem to anyone else a little preordained that he got exactly the opposite of what the rest of the group supposedly just happened to receive by chance from nature? A warm, comfortable night with yummy bacon and bread as opposed to their foodless sleeping in a flowing creek-bed? It reeks of story-boarding to me, and also I find it very difficult to believe that they didn't just get up after the shooting was done and go and sleep in the caravan with the camera crew anyway. But what would I know, I don't even watch the teeve anyway.

The reason I am writing now, in the time of *Big Brother*, is to put forward the greatest idea for reality TV ever. I can safely say that, having never seen any other reality TV show and only having heard about them through rambling friends and acquaintances, this idea will be declared the greatest and last reality TV show ever. No-one will be able to top it and they will all be banned afterwards anyway, so we can turn the airwaves back to nature documentaries or something else useful. David Attenborough must still be alive and crawling through an equatorial jun-

gle somewhere - somebody get a camera on him.

The show will be called *Starver*. I got this idea from that poor chap who was found in Tasmania recently, crawling through a jungle himself, albeit a much colder one than the ones that Sir Dave likes (he's a knight you

selfs are the last living contestant. Stick a prize of \$50 million and diplomatic immunity into the bargain and bingo, much more fun than tribal council! Remember how sad you got when your favourite person got their torch snuffed out? Imagine the great rush of emotion when you can actu-

a daily video-diary (some of the sissies might try eating paper, and besides, video captures tears and blood stains). It would detail their thoughts about their current situation and standing in the food chain. They would be asked to detail any plans or methods they have about their next

meal so that we could compare them each week and see exactly how crazy/hungry/determined to walk away with the cash they were. If things were moving slowly, then we could air-lift in a judge to hold a tribal council. I picture a large, fenced enclosure, something like the Cage in WWF. Each contestant would sit inside the cage, out of arm's reach of each other, and vote on who they would like to eat most. There would be no immunity, nothing at all to hold back the rest of the hungry contestants from setting about their chosen prey with all the wolverine-like primal feeding instincts that their, by then, jungle-crazed psyches would have lent them. I saw a shark-feeding frenzy in that lovely series on the sea that David Attenborough, true king of the jungle, did a while ago. The sharks just whizzed around in this blood-filled water until there wasn't anything left. I would look forward to tribal councils on *Starver*, just so we could get a bit of up close feeding frenzy action. Speaking of action, I think all the cameras should be completely motorised so that they can pan along on any of the high-speed chases that I'm sure would ensue in pursuit of the next meal and a big fat fifty-mill (no way would we put any actual camera operators in there with those nutcases). It would be sort of like *The Truman Show*, but without Jim Carrey (although I wonder if we could get him to play?).

What do you say gang? Is everything else sissified and tediously lame in comparison? Should the losers voted out on these goddamn shows each week continue to be let off with minor fame? No! I want more excitement, more real emotions and much more violence and confrontation. Then and only then will I go back to watching TV. Actually, if David Attenborough could narrate, it would truly be a perfect world. Yum yum, can't wait.

Sam Franzway

**EVERYONE WILL BE WATCHING.**

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**STARVER**  
THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK  
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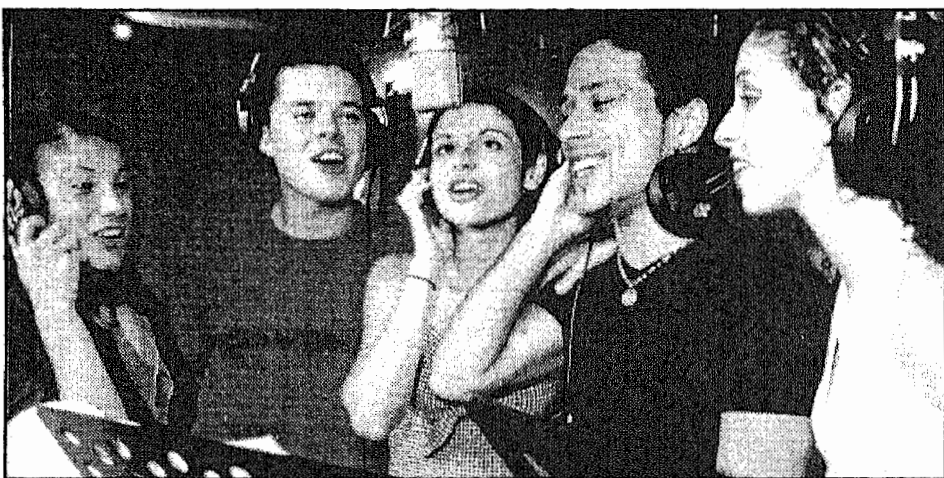
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# SCANDAL'US CENSORED?

When I announced to the office that I had an upcoming interview with Anna from Scandal'Us, the place came alive. It seems that everyone has questions for the new popstars that just weren't answered by the television show. So with my page full of other people's messages that they wanted me to pass along, I got onto the phone for my 15 minute one-on-one with Anna. I wanted some dirt. Something that every other magazine in Australia had not yet reported on. Something that was less than whole-

ing their power to ensure that the Popstars (new to fame and naive in so many ways) didn't say anything which could get the band and the show (and Channel 7) into trouble. We can only speculate. Minutes later (enough time lapsed for a debriefing to occur) Anna called me back claiming ignorance about what had just happened. Who knows what it was. *Big Brother*? Or one of the camera men perhaps? Apparently they used to show up and film the band members at any time of the day/night. I



some. Some juicy gossip if you will. Unsure of whether nice-girl Anna could deliver the goods, I decided to set the tone myself and asked her to "Talk to me about Nicki, the crusty ho of a stylist." For those who have forgotten, Nicki was the stylist who bitched continuously to the camera just because the Popstars didn't appreciate her wacky sense of what looked good. Apparently they didn't even know she was quite that horrible until the episode went to air. We bitched about Nicki for a little while with Anna expressing sentiments similar to mine (although not quite so strongly worded). I dug for more goss but Anna wasn't about to feed me any more. Apparently she adores everyone else she has to work with, including the tyrannical Les and the obnoxious, squealing, 2-minute-noodle haired Tamara whom *everyone* I know dislikes. Such is the way of life. I would have to try a different tactic. The Popstars have been made out to be so wholesome and positive and are acting as a kind of role model for their legions of teenybopper fans so I couldn't resist asking Anna about how she felt about the negative racial stereotypes that are suggested in the film clip for 'Me, Myself & I'. Jason (the boy of Indian decent) appears as a thief and Anna, from a large Italian family appears as a maid. For a band with such a carefully crafted image this seemed like an obvious faux pas. Anna began to answer but halfway through her explanation the phone went dead. Was this a line fault? Or something more sinister? Censorship perhaps? Someone high above wield-

told Anna I thought they ought to install some cameras into the bathrooms and bedrooms and get a real hardcore reality television show going. She disagreed so I asked her what she thought the effect of a show like *Popstars* had on the music industry as a whole.

"I think it can only have a positive effect on the industry, it just lets so much young, upcoming talent to get out there...at the end of the day if there is another series of *Popstars* it will be a good thing."

Although Anna admitted to having a giggle at the really, really terrible singers who auditioned (our very own Wayward sub-eds, Sarah and Lemonlime sang - but they were top shit) she did point out that the initial auditions were the most nerve-racking. She was ambiguous when it came to the question of whether she thought she would make the very final cut or not. I think she was quietly confident that she would make it. We here at the office were sure she would, as Anna was way the sexiest.

And so my 15 minutes were up and I hadn't even gotten to talk about their music. But seeing that the music sub-editor wouldn't allow this to appear in the 'Music' section, I guess it doesn't matter anyway.

To celebrate *On Dit* talking to Scandal'Us (or something), we have some copies of their single to give away. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday and 1 pm and you might just win one.

# The Adelaide Wankistocracy 'do' Oakbank

Readers: for those who are hardcore enough, you will possibly recall last week's round-up of Oakbank as submitted by my learned colleague, Sam Franzway. While a thoroughly accurate report, there were a number of important Oakbank institutions that the Franz, in his newcomer status, was oblivious to. Here, I attempt to briefly identify some of the Adelaide wankistocracy's closest trade secrets, with an *Oakbank: Who's Hot, Who's Not, Who's Ugly*, as demonstrated on that fated Easter Monday the week before last on the hallowed hill of Wankistocracy.

## *Who's Hot*

For all those familiar with the bizarre picnic in a paddock at Oakbank, you will know that traditionally this great society event falls on a weekend on which you specifically do not wear suede because you know you will get wet. Not this year, however, as temperatures soared to nearly 30 degees, and your Wayward sub-eds had the sadistic pleasure of watching the private school elite of Adelaide go redder and redder as they determined to keep on wearing the ever-so-fashionable coat which their mothers had forked out \$500 for. In answer to the question *Who's Hot?* we can only reply that the wankistocracy - everyone in the Members' section - was sweating. Additionally, bear in mind the fact that Oakbank is traditionally the place where underage drinking runs rampant, so the scenery as you sit by your bus is frequently dotted by skinny blondes who are yet to reach puberty and hence, are quite hot.

Some keywords you would do well to adopt if you too want to be hot amongst the wankistocracy at Oakbank:

Keyword: horse

Derivative: showpony, clothes horse, hoarse

The reason why the bus leaves at 6.30am from the Burnside Village carpark is so that when you get to Oakbank, you have to time to do some **showponying** before you pass out

with a preliminary hangover at 11am. The preliminary hangover is one of Oakbank's unique features which has both attributes and drawbacks. Attributes being you get to booze at 7am, and hence are set to booze again by lunchtime, drawbacks being you collapse at 11am under the bus, and again at 5.30 on the way home. **Showponying**, however, is an art which you can be perfected only at Oakbank, and mainly involves getting all your gear on, attaching your *Members'* ticket and swanning around on the hill, waving at all the people you went to school with and probably despise, but for this one day, you are bonded by the fact that you are both spending exorbitant amounts to get drunk on a hill in the middle of nowhere. One of the most important concessions you will have to make here is that, by sole attribute of the fact that you're in the *Members'* section, for today, you too are a member of the wankistocracy. You will have to avoid the **clothes horses** who this year, unwisely decided to all come wearing exactly the same outfit (discussed in the *What's Not* section), but, as you will see, this too can help to provide some entertainment. You will also need to practise shouting 'Hello DARLING!' at the top of your voice to the point that you are **hoarse**, or else it's just not worthwhile and you don't feel as though you really earned your qualification in the Miss Junior Burnside 2001 pageant this year. This is called networking, and it's what's being the wankistocracy is all about.

## *What's Not*

Apparently Oakbank originated with horses, but this year the focus was on CAMEL. Camel explosions in fact, as your Wayward sub-eds counted 148 girls, no less, wearing camel and black outfits in under three hours. Camel was so hot amongst the wankistocracy that it was not, to the point that its 'Not Hot'ness was rivalled only by the quality of the clothing in the *Target* fashion parades. Being a member of the wankistocracy, for today at least, means that you too



Gotta look your best to hang around getting sloshed and standing in mud



## Who's who and what's what

will be considered *Not Hot* if you venture across the track to Mulletville, or even for a quick ride on the *Zipper* (thankfully, after all the grapey goodness of Oakbank, you will not want anything else to upset the gentle equilibrium of your tum. Additionally, you'll find that stomach fluids and camel tend to clash). Rather, your day's exercise is decidedly un strenuous: you can either fork out huge amounts of money to get into an enclosure where everyone wears the same thing and displays a mutual complete lack of knowledge about racing, or you can stroll up and down the Hill, waving your bottle of red at people you dislike (networking) and look down your wankistocratic nose at all the plebs who sneakily wormed their way into Members on their Klub Kruisers. Oakbankers on Klub Kruisers are proof that, no matter how much synthetic clothing you may wear on a sunny day, some people will just never be hot.

### What's Ugly

Few of the wankistocracy will admit it, but there are actually a number of hidden nasties about Oakbank. Obviously the ugliest thing is the fact that Oakbank starts so early in the morning, so that you're freezing at 6am and sweating by 9am. No one enjoys it – in fact, the only thing that keeps them going is the thought of how glorious the afternoon's going to be once they've got their second wind. The other ugly thing is the quality of the rumours you can spread, especially if you pretend that your grandpa is a bookie and gave you a very hot tip on, say, 'Frenzal Rhomb' in the Fourth. Alternatively, pick someone you went to school with who's looking slightly larger in the camel this year, and liberally spread your suspicions about her pregnancy. If this doesn't tickle your wankistocratic funny bone, you can always count the number of people wearing the same expensive outfit, or, alternatively, start a drinking game. It was good to see that the boys on the bus next to us had settled into a grand game of Zoom by 9am, and with the number of people wearing the same thing, it is quite easy to come up with a creative variation on this. Alternatively, just lay money on who from your bus is going to fall down the hill first.

The beauty of Oakbank is that it's simply an extravagant game of last-man-standing played every year amongst the wankistocracy. The winner? Without doubt the seasoned campaigner who, despite red nose, bad dancing and general messiness, still manages to pick up at the Havelock, 17 hours later. We'll be back for more next year.

Sarah Möller

# Tattoos R Us!

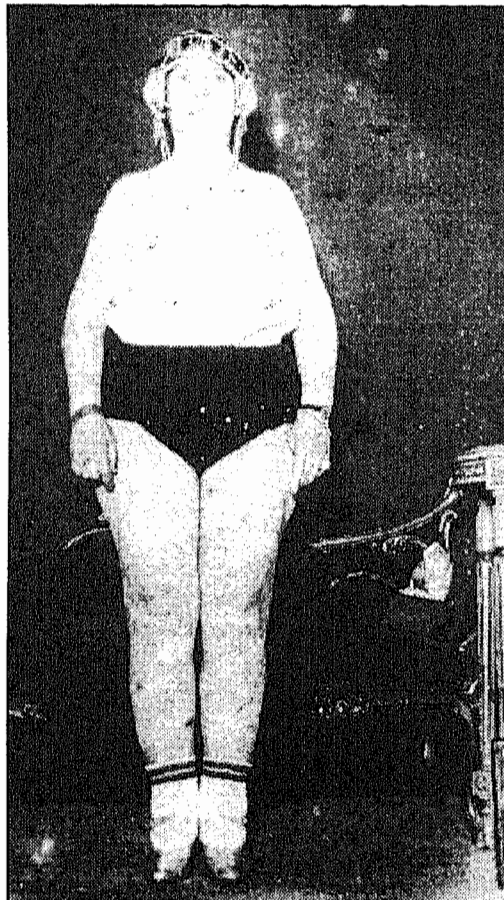
For the third time now I have undergone the painful process of having ink injected into my skin so that I can have a picture indelibly etched onto my body. People are forever asking me why. They tell me that I will regret it by the time I hit 60, that I may miss out on jobs, that people may find my skin art in some way offensive, and that I am mutilating my body and paying good money to do so. Well pooh to you too is what I say (well, not really, I only think it). People for centuries have had them, and many have had very good personal reasons for doing so. And many have had absolutely no reason at all. Tattoos have come a long way since the days when only sailors had them, and they were always in the form of an anchor with the word 'Mum' emblazoned across it. There are now conventions, books, magazines and internet sites dedicated to body art and the people who create it. It is no longer something that you wake up regretting after a big night out, as most tattoo studios (the term 'tattoo parlour' is no longer PC) require an appointment. And it is no longer the domain of men, with women making up approximately 60% of clientele.

My first tattoo came about 5 years ago, when I had just turned 19. I have no idea why I wanted one, it just seemed that I always had. I decided that a dragon would be the thing to get, again, no idea why. I can't actually remember if it hurt at all; tattoos are kind of like I imagine childbirth would be because you have a tendency to forget the pain. It took over two hours for the design I had chosen, and I remember being so excited about the whole thing that I ran around that day showing it off to everyone that would look. The next one came a year ago, another dragon to match the first on the other shoulder. Again I thought to myself, this will be the last one that I get, the absolute last. Famous last words of course.

Having won some money I thought to myself "I could pay some rather pressing bills or get my stereo fixed. Wait, I've got a great idea! I'll pay to put myself through a fair amount of pain and get something permanently etched on my skin". And so the decision was made, and somehow, as always, I knew exactly what I wanted to get – a dragonfly. The second decision that always follows the thought of what is invariably where. I decided to get it on my arm, since it seemed a bit blank and in need of decoration. Of course, I went back to the Tattoo Planet in Rundle Street, since my other tattoos were done there and I was really happy with them. Having gone in, chosen my design from the array they have there and paid my deposit (which ensures that you will return for your appointment) I showed up on the day with my *On Dit*

entourage in tow.

I find it rather strange that every time I go there to get another tattoo, I still get incredibly nervous, even to the point of having the whole sweaty palms deal. It's not like I am going to be surprised by the amount of pain or anything! I think maybe that it has more to do with the last minute concern that I always feel over whether I am doing the right thing. Of course, over the past 5 years since I had my first done, I have never for one mo-



The tattooed lady. Alluring, Sensual, Seductive.

ment regretted it. People are forever asking me if I will be embarrassed about that when I am older and the answer of course is a resounding no! When I am old and wrinkly and my tattoos are old and wrinkly too, I'm sure I will love them just as much as I do now, because they will allow me to tell bored grandchildren endless stories about the days when I was young and wild. And if I ever get refused employment on the basis of my body art, then did I really want to work for someone so incredibly stuffy?

With Jenny following for moral support, I was sat down by Fran in the back room. The actual chair rather resembles one of those chairs that you are laid back in at the dentists and immediately sends out those 'you are about to be operated on' vibes. The tattoo is then rubbed on to your skin by something that looks rather like one of those carbon copy pads for credit card receipts. The ink is squirted into a tray and the needle loaded into the drill-like implement. Of course, it being an AIDS-aware time, the needles are all fresh and come wrapped in little individual plastic bags. Then the needle gun is

turned on and applied to your skin (this is the ouchie bit, folks). Although the needle is actually going in and out really fast and injecting the dye deep into your skin, it actually feels more like you are being cut with a knife. The sound it makes is almost exactly like that of a dentist drill, but the pain is not quite as bad (I'm overdue for a dentist visit because I hate the pain, yet I can get a tattoo done without too much trouble). The pain was a lot milder on my arm than on my shoulder blade, and Fran said that it has a lot to do with how much fat there is, so to get one done on the base of your spine as is the latest fashion is exceedingly painful. I know that when it was done on my shoulder blade, it seemed to somehow vibrate inside the bone.

With the ink outline done, the final part is the colour, and let me tell you, this bit hurts the most. It is all a matter of endurance. Towards the end you get to the point where you want to yell stop because the needle seems to be going over the same painful area again and again. Apparently quite a few people only get the outline done because it hurts too much and they want to wait for it to heal before they get the rest done. My view is, get the pain done all in one hit so that the healing can begin. As soon as the tattoo is done, it is washed with antiseptic and paper taped to it. You have to look after your tattoo for a couple of weeks after and keep putting cream on it, otherwise it starts to peel, rather like sunburn. The end result is that I have a new friend that will always be sitting on my shoulder. At the moment it looks bright and shiny and incredibly fake, but in a year's time it will have faded a little and will look more natural. I once had a girl come up to me in a club and actually spit on her hand and try to rub my tattoo off, to see if it was real. Yuck and double yuck!

Although quite a few people still seem to think that you can just stumble in off the street and get a tattoo on a drunken night out, it doesn't happen in any reputable studios. Alcohol causes you to bleed more freely, and that is never a good thing. It may numb the pain, but it also will make you a pain in the arse to tattoo, because drunk people are completely unable to sit still. So you could end up with a smudged design on your arm and a rather large headache in the morning. You may also want to think about the design a bit more than that too, as you don't want to end up like poor David Beckham. He tried to have his wife Victoria's name tattooed on his arm in Sanskrit and ended up with Vihtoria instead. And he has to see that for the rest of his life.

Poptart



# LETTERS

## HIPPIES SMELL

## THINGS ARE ALL GOOD

## THE EQUAL OPPORTUNITY ISSUE

## TOO CYNICAL?

Dear Eds,

We would just like to air our opinions on a few matters regarding hippies or, to more politically correct, free spirited souls who seek enlightenment by getting in touch with nature. Firstly, we would like to point out that most hippies are involved in some form of activism. Don't get us wrong, we support activism but the whole point of it is to know and feel strongly about the cause. Most hippies hear the words protest or rally and just go crazy because they see it as an opportunity to yell and scream at politicians. We can just tolerate this kind of behaviour, however, when these bogans try and push their beliefs on others, this is where we have to draw the line. For instance we were recently walking to the library and were savagely accosted by a long haired, dreadlocked bogan hippie who smelled like an average backyard pile of mulch, who didn't appear to be wearing any underwear and had a ring through each nostril and an "I love Nimbin" t-shirt. This feral then proceeded to try and get my friend and I to sign up for a march against globalisation. Give me a break, I doubt this guy could even spell globalisation!! Anyway, we politely excused ourselves and got back to doing something constructive. The message were trying to convey here is that the hippie population of the University should wake up, stop smoking those banned substances, stop trying to emulate Bob Marley, wear clean underwear and do something useful! How about protesting that more money should be spent on trying to find a cure for cancer or that more beds should be made available in our hospitals. Apart from inappropriately fondling a tree or being lured to a rally under the false impression of free beer and a free BBQ, these members of our community should invest their time in something useful, such as EDUCATING themselves or getting a job.

Yours sincerely,

**The Artist formerly known as Nigel and the The Other Artist formerly known as Graham.**

Mses and Mr. Editors,

As some of the most keen student unionists around have admitted, the National Day of Action and other such protests have not been as successful as they had hoped. Is this because students don't think anymore? Have we become too complacent, or simply too lazy? I don't think so. It's just that, generally speaking, we don't have any major beef with the way things are going. The Union has to let go of the glory days of student activism and realise that if there's nothing to campaign against, we need not campaign.

Cheers,

**James Simpson**

## UNREALISTIC?

Dear Eds,

Like John Howard really gives a shit about whether the youth of Australia are "packing bongos" and "popping Es" (street talk courtesy of Johnny's anti-drug campaign). He's just pissed off because he can't tax us for using drugs. What does Johnny do? He throws away \$27 million dollars on a fruitless drug campaign.

The ads on TV are quite unrealistic. What is depicted happens to a minority. It would have been more realistic to show ten people sitting around in a shed, smoking blunts, laughing their arses off and having a bloody good time. If John really wanted to help then he'd have used the money and time to open up 'shooting galleries' around Australia; but no, the gutless turd worries about what the big guys in America and England would think. And Johnny, one more thing: don't think that for one second you can ever take away my Mary Jane.

Yours,

**Johnny Blunt.**

Dear Ed,

From the beginning of this letter I wish to stress to everybody that I am not a sexist nor am I aiming to be discriminatory in any such way. However it has come to my attention that there are several issues arising from the "International Women's Day" celebrations. Firstly, why is there even a day such as this? In the age of equality that we are living in, surely it is sexist towards men to have a women's day and not a men's day! I am prepared for a massive backlash from diehard feminists who strongly disagree with my comments however it is the twenty-first century, and the days of women being discriminated against in Australia are long gone! Surely in a country that has a greater percentage of women than men, females have at least an equal say in matters concerning our country. I am a male and whilst I have strong opinions on certain issues regarding people of non-heterosexual preferences, I do believe that men and women are equal and therefore see no need for a charade such as "International Women's Day". New age Germaine Greer wannabes who believe they should run their life according to *Sex and the City*, should wake up and realise that Australia promotes equality and provides equal opportunity, no matter what gender/s you are. I realise that this piece may incite riotous behaviour from the feminist population of the university, but as equal opportunity is a feature of Australian society, so is free speech. I am fully prepared for outrage and violence, however I believe that my opinions are shared by many other people in the community, and not only by men!

Yours sincerely,  
**Marilyn Spears and  
Britney Manson.**

P.S. Long live Bruce Ruxton!!

## THE WRATH OF STAN

Dear Eds,

I write to complain about the full page of Nixon-esque propoganda that appeared in last week's edition of *On Dit*. If I had some shred of motivation left I would raze the *On Dit* office to the ground, goddammit!

**Stanley George**  
Current Affairs sub-editor

P.S. I think Clem is tops.

Dear *On Dit* editors,

I'm no fan of "Nat" either. The consequences of her "Independent" faction dominating the SAUA for 10 years were disastrous. Hence it was with much pleasure that I read your last edition of *On Dit* - particularly the "Steps to Success" page.

But I must take issue with your disparagement of her "earnest" 1991 letter - and with "earnest" political feeling in general. For starters, judging the 1991 Despoja with the fashionable ironic detachment of 2001 is not fair. Those of us who remember 1991 know full well that being "earnest" - ie, caring about the world- was essential for basic social respectability. We were all trying to "save the planet, man!"

In that year, I distinctly remember spending most of my recesses removing plastic strips and staples from the recycling bin. I was determined to keep Year 9PH's recycling efforts alive - because if I didn't, the destruction of the Amazon rainforest would be all my fault! Obviously, I was a complete dork, but I was widely admired for my pathetic attempts to save the planet. I hope this gives you and the readers an idea of how "earnest" young people once were. Despoja's concern over the Library loans policy was pedestrian to say the least! Her letter reveals her technocratic opportunism far more than any kind of earnest idealism.

Furthermore, who's to say that idealism won't return? In 2011, the *On Dit* editors may mock your cynical tracts as a prime example of "bourgeois" indifference. Or, equally likely, Despoja will have turned herself into God, and will smite you with lightning for your "blasphemy".

Whatever happens, politics looks set to be pretty interesting over the next decade.

**Kathleen Lawler**  
6th Year Arts

## ANGSTY POETRY

Dear Editors,

Here is a poem what I wrote when I was lonley.

It is dark,  
Hark!!  
The blackness closes in around me,  
It makes me lone-le,  
I've only a book for compa-ne.  
Solitude cuts deep,  
Like a knife into my pale flesh,  
But I don't scream,  
Because lonliness is my pal,  
Rock and Roll.

Love,

**Tamara Binkle**

## THE LETTERS POLICY

- Letters should be around 250 words, and must get to the Editors by 5pm Wednesday afternoon.
- Please send your letters in by email to <ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au>, deliver them to us in person to the *On Dit* office, or bring them in on disk.
- All letters must be accompanied by your real name and student number (this includes your last name). This information will remain confidential to everyone except the Editors and the SAUA President (unless we get sued, of course).
- Please do not write anything that is racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory. For obvious reasons, we cannot print this stuff.
- Get off your arses and write some letters. One page of letters in a student rag is hardly adequate. Even the *Advertiser* does better.



# Stanley George

'He who makes a beast of himself, gets rid of the pain of being a man.'

Dr Johnson

Everybody should leave home. It's a must.

I am invariably reminded of this truth when I visit my folks, who now live interstate. They haunt a rented villa with a bluestone patio that opens out onto the shore of a huge goddamn lake. I swear, minus my parents that villa would be the single coolest place on the planet. Without them it would be a joint tantamount to Hunter Thompson's walled compound in Aspen. But with them, the place is a dark purgatory of tense boredom and bitter discontent.

Mr and Mrs George are like a pair of mobile downers. They can blindly place a fatal dampener on any situation they care to involve themselves in. It's like they can suck the very excitement out of the air, making everything and everyone present seem grey and musty. People said the same thing about Al Gore, which leads me to believe that the three of them united would make an Unholy Trinity of tension and bad vibes powerful enough to cause an all-in brawl in a room full of stoned Samoan nudists.

As such, leaving home had become something of an obsession of mine. Years of standing on the toilet exhaling smoke into a droning bathroom fan and pretending not to be viciously hungover on a Sunday morning were taking their toll. I was becoming passive and dull, and my friends could only watch as I gradually resigned to the idea of being stuck at that bitter teat until my twenty-first birthday. I had become a jabbering mess by the time the Old Man told me that he was taking a job interstate. 'You're moving out?'

'Yup. You'll stay in a flat and finish varsity while I look after your mother. Is that okay with you, boy?'

Okay? It was fucking fantastic! They were moving out before me! I was staying in the festival state while they moved hundreds of miles away! It was the greatest news of my life. It was all so utterly wonderful and unexpected, like an orgasm in the middle of a finance lecture. It had felt like I was in a POW camp at the end of some bizarre war; Colonel Klink and his angry wife were off to the Russian front, leaving me behind with a half-finished escape tunnel and the keys

to the liquor cabinet.

Anyway, the point is that my parents are very dull and uptight. It was while I was visiting them, however, that I discovered the fascinating enigma that is Cassandra Evans.

Ms Evans first came to my attention one morning when I arrived in my parents' kitchen in search of a banana and one or two of mum's menthol lights - which contain so little nicotine that I have to drag each one into my lungs in loud carcinogenic heaves, conducted with utmost paranoia in the shower cubicle on the other side of the house.

But instead of redundant cigarettes, I found two curious notes on the kitchen counter. They appeared to be handwritten, but the handwriting was unrecognisable. Below is a verbatim transcription of what was written on each of the two notes:

Cheap head jobs for only 50c.  
Visit CASSANDRA EVANS at  
Flat One New Street Belmont  
South.  
Why not come around?

Well then. This definitely required further investigation. I asked Mum where she had found the notes. She said that they were pamphlets that she had found in the letterbox, the likes of which seemed to have been distributed to every other letterbox in New Street. I was amazed at how my mother - an angry German moralist who idolises talkback radio hosts - seemed so blasé about the fact that a bargain-basement hooker was operating at the end of her street. My confusion turned to sheer horror when she cheerfully uttered those four words that no son should have to hear from his mother: 'What's a head job?'

Now wait a minute - what's a head job? Sweet Jesus! Was this really happening to me? What the hell kind of perverse god allows a fifty-five year old Euro-

pean woman to innocently ask her teenage son what a head job is? Was my mother so utterly clueless that she had to ask her own son about *fellatio* after thirty-five years of marriage?

'Stanley! I asked you a question - what is a head job? Tell me!'

I started thinking about my father, and instantly regretted doing so. I was beginning to realise why he had seemed so frustrated all the time - and why, for that matter, two people who hated children so much had still managed to have four of them. I began to twitch. 'Sorry, Ma. Can't help you. Gotta go.'

'Tell me!'

'No!'

'Tell me,' she hissed, 'or I'll belt you.' This only strengthened my resolve: there was no way I was going to explain *that* to my mother - not for all the head jobs in Sweden.

'Look, Ma, I'm not telling you what a fucking head job is, okay? Ask Dad

when he gets home.'

Mum clipped my ear then glared at me like an irate commandant. 'Why do you have to be so rude? Why can't you just be nice for once and tell you mother what a head job is?'

So . . . I told her. Exactly. She was so stunned that she had to clip me on the ear again just to snap herself out of it. 'How can you say things like that to your own mother?'

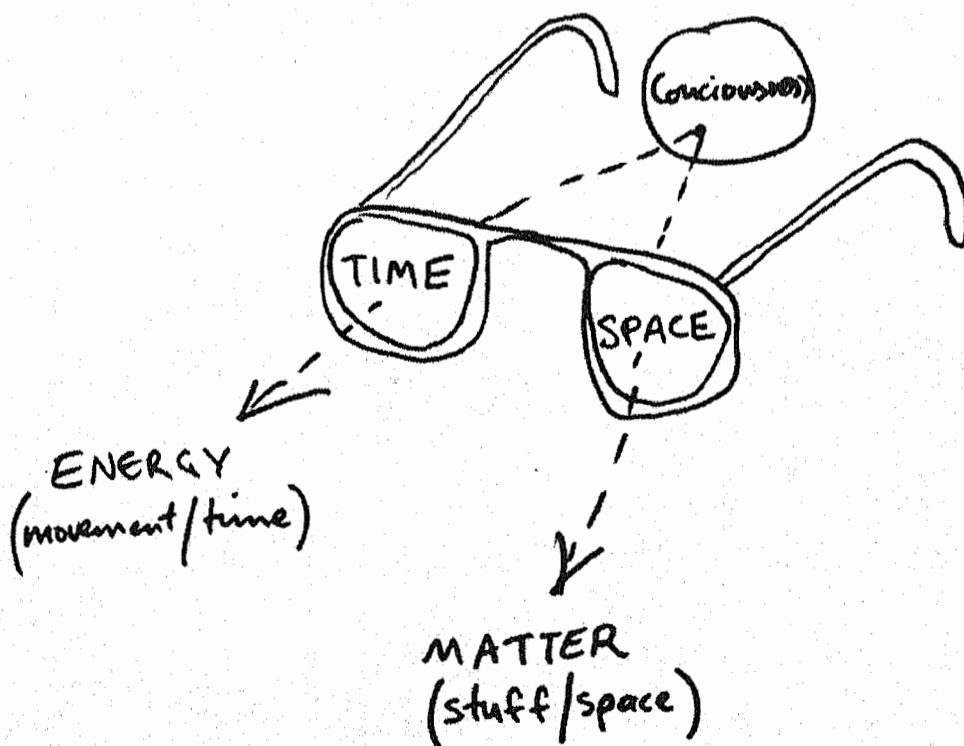
We're through the looking glass here, people.

Continued Next Week...



Stan (right)

## Stan's Metaphysical Doodle of the Week



If anyone can make sense of this week's Metaphysical Doodle, could they please come down to the *On Dit* office and explain it to Stan? You might just win a prize. Or not.

**Got an Opinion?**  
**Well, we want to hear it!**  
**Why not write it down and submit it**  
**to the *On Dit* Opinion section?**  
**The world needs to know.**



# Sex on the Lawns

By Lady Symon

## Episode 3: The Games we Play



Have you seen little kids when they play kiss chasey? Have you noticed that gleam in their bright young eyes as they deny the existence of cooties, just for a while, and dabble in the art of sexual prowess? The sexes take it in turns, the boys chasing the girls or vice versa, to see who can catch someone they fancy and plant a kiss. When you're eight years old, the most enjoyable way to spend your lunch break is underneath the blue, unclouded sky of your innocence, pashing random boys or girls without much thought as to whether 'this means something'. But, despite the kind of pant-wetting amusement you experience, by the time you leave primary school the idea of having to chase someone before you kiss them loses its appeal.

Or do you remember school discos you went to in about year eight or nine? And the way you felt just before you went in, that flutter of romantic excitement as you imagined the love of your life dressed to the nines and waiting inside? Your stomach would start exploding with some adrenalin-induced confidence that you looked great and could dance great and that you were going to have fun no matter what. The music could be the biggest load of shit ever invented, the venue could be about as atmospheric as your garage, but by God you still loved it. You felt about 28 years old when your mum dropped you off and you thought to yourself 'yes, my love life's really going to start'. Nevertheless the boys ended up on one side of the room, the girls on the other, everyone fearing the fatal hand of rejection should they dare to ask someone for a dance.

And why? What kind of impenetrable impasse stood between our union? What left our flesh unsullied when our thoughts were anything but? And why on earth does it still occur at uni, the land of liberation?

Firstly, you always like the person you can't have. Pieces of my heart have been lost to my teacher, a family friend twice my age, just about every womaniser born onto God's green earth, anyone on drugs, anyone with a crush on someone else, countless American TV stars, and a handful of musicians.

Secondly, if someone admits they

like you that someone is probably the last person on your list you want to get involved with. My friend Emma is gorgeous, intelligent, friendly and vivacious, nevertheless the last person who had a crush on her was a thirteen-year-old pre-pubescent mute dwarf. And those are his good points.

Thirdly, well, dating etiquette. Don't seem too keen, don't be too effusive with your compliments (in fact, if you can throw phrases like 'shut up bitch' and 'what's up, dickhead?' into your conversation then you'll be instantly irresistible). And whatever you do, don't be clear about what you want. In the case of a girl letting a boy know that she wants him in a purely sexual way, all her advances can be adversely misconstrued. For example, 'I just love perverting at you' is received as 'I've taped your picture onto my wall and I kiss it every night'. Or 'I can't stop thinking about you' translated as 'I'm imagining our wedding'. Or, the most widely misconstrued sentence of all, 'I want to fuck you' heard in boy world as 'I think I'm falling in love with you'. Rather than voice such dirty, impure thoughts all you sinners (I mean, I certainly never have them!), simply uncross your legs, push your chest out and say 'hello'. This is often misconstrued as 'I want to fuck you'.

We go back and forth relentlessly, lusting after anyone who doesn't seem interested, getting shivers of revulsion if they are. We bat our eyelashes, thrust our hips, lick our lips, but won't go up and introduce ourselves. We have a pash one night and get afraid of holding hands the next. We run around in circles trying to work out if the person we like likes us back, and if the measure of their liking is in the same sphere as our own. In sum, ladies and gentlemen, we never really stop playing kiss chasey. But as much as we anguish ourselves with mind games, life is our playground and thus, the balm to such frustrations is simple.

Play on.

If you have some dirty deed to admit or an interesting story to contribute, email [LadySymon@hotmail.com](mailto:LadySymon@hotmail.com)

# M1-Social Evil?

No doubt many of my fellow students have been assaulted over the past week by the social evil that I like to call M1. A more misguided group of miscreants I have never seen. They have facts and figures, but the conclusions they draw from them seem to be close to plain lies.

Now I, along with most other people living in our unashamedly capitalist society, can see the benefits afforded to our entire population through the corporatisation and globalisation of our economy.

Before corporatisation and globalisation, people lived in mud huts they built themselves, rubbed sticks together to make warmth and cultivated weeds to eat. Nowadays, people live in houses, drive cars to work, sit in front of a computer all day, and walk away with \$600 a week to show for it. They have globalisation to thank.

'What drivell' you might say to this simplistic argument. 'What a load of crap!' I agree. What I wrote above consisted of gross generalisations and failed entirely to link the supposed benefits of corporatisation and globalisation to the given outcomes. But when M1 spout a similarly simplistic load of crap, they expect people to give up their valuable time to go and march and protest.

I got me a hold of one of the little pamphlets the M1 people stuck up around everywhere and studied the 'Ten reasons to blockade the Stock Exchange on May 1'. Number one was: 'US\$35.5 billion one day's trading on the New York Stock Exchange US\$30 billion would double rich countries overseas development aid to the Third World (UN estimate)'. I am sure the figures are relatively accurate. But the conclusion which the M1 people seem to have drawn, that instead of spending all that money on the stock market, the money should be given to the world's poor, is severely misguided.

The problem is that a day's trading, whatever the amount, does not equate to actual inflow of money into the Stock Exchange on that day. A merchant bank selling 1 million dollars worth of one share and buying 1

million dollars of another has contributed 2 million dollars to the market turnover, but has contributed no actual money to the transaction. If a philanthropic Bill Gates wished to turn his US\$60-odd billion of Microsoft shares to cash to give to the world's poor, where would any buyers find the cash? The answer is nowhere, because it doesn't exist.

Perhaps the greatest misconception about the stock market is that your wealth, as shown by the number

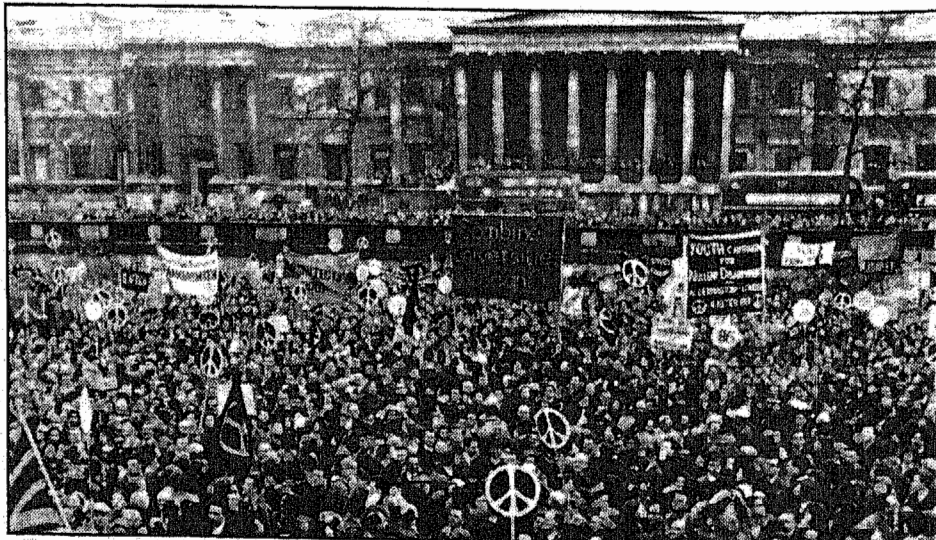
I, along with most other people living in our unashamedly capitalist society, can see the benefits afforded to our entire population through the corporatisation and globalisation of our economy.

of shares you own multiplied by their price, is actually equal to real money. It isn't. We have seen the recent tech-stock crash, and the subsequent massive losses of personal wealth suffered by holders of these stocks. When Telstra takes a dive, does that mean that there is an equivalent loss of money in circulation to the loss of market capitalisation of the company? Of course not.

'Do these M1 people really understand how the stock market even works?' I then asked myself. 'Obviously not', I then answered, and to further this conviction, I laughed at their notion that the stock market is actually housed in a building. The stock market is run entirely over computer networks, with every stockbroker and merchant bank executing their own orders from the comfort (and security) of their own office. So for a start, a blockade of the 'Stock Exchange' in the Santos Building won't actually do anything. Computers don't turn up for work in the morning.

I'm sure you've read enough of my ranting and raving now. To read more crap, find one of the little M1 flyers and have a laugh. To hear more crap, head along to the M1 protest. Or you could just sip a coffee and have a good read of *The Financial Review* while watching Bloomberg TV.

Hugh Shannon





# "You know you come from Salisbury when..."

...you let your 12 year old daughter smoke at the kitchen table in front of her kids"

Bullshit. This was sent to me in an email last week by someone that could laugh at it because they knew that it wasn't true. By someone who knows better than most that what would indicate to a person that their true home was in the northern suburbs of Adelaide. Someone who had spent the greatest part of their 46 years living in either Salisbury or Elizabeth, who had chosen to raise their own children in the same area, and who knew damn well that it is other peoples' perceptions of our area that give it a bad name.

It wasn't until I started at university that I realised just how much value was placed on the area in which a person lived. I didn't realise that not everyone lived like my family and our friends. I didn't realise that so much could be assumed about a person based purely on which council area they slept in at night.

On a daily basis those of us who live further north than Gepps Cross are subjected to a sub-standard cultural perspective by our peers that is not only patronising, ill-informed and demeaning, but one that is thrust in our faces through the media, conversation and various other forms of otherwise educated interactions. A large number of people, including Adelaide University students perpetuate the myth that within metropolitan Adelaide there is a group of not-quite-human, culturally devoid, educationally challenged drones. These people are about as acceptable to society as mangy dogs who urinate inside the house because they don't understand that acceptable humans wouldn't do that sort of thing. They spend their time revving the engines of their cheap (or stolen) Holden Commodore cars whilst perfecting their mullets, swilling beer, gaining little to no education or cultural experience and procreating at a particularly young age. These people typically inhabit places such as Salisbury and Elizabeth and whilst they wait in the dole cue, spending hard-working tax payers' money, they further aid the downfall of society by engaging in criminal activity and not teaching their children that the only way to improve their chances in life is to get a quality education and work hard.

If I had never spent any time in these areas I think it would be quite easy for me to believe these myths. I have spent time in Salisbury though - 18 years in fact - and my family has resided in the area for nearly 50, so I know that this common description in no way reflects the nature or, for that matter, the culture of the Northern Suburbs.

I am sick to death of small-minded people who are not prepared to venture further than Prospect categorising us in this way. Never in my life have I ever found my area to be like this, but I constantly have to defend my home to those who are prepared to judge my community due to our geographical location. I am proud to live in Salisbury. It is at this point that the average person snickers and waits for me to say

"just joking - as soon as I can afford it I'm moving to Norwood so that I can be with people more like me, with normal people who go to uni, the theatre and eat at expensive restaurants". I'm not going to say that

though- my mother always taught me not to lie and to remember where I came from. Believe it or not, I like living in an area where financial or social status is nowhere near as important as your ability to act like a human being. Okay, so we might not live in huge luxurious houses with 'the best' of everything. You'd be hard pressed to find the latest model BMW in the parking bays of our shopping centres and our clothes are unlikely to be replaced with the smallest seasonal change. But really, who needs designer wallpaper to be happy? We make do with secondhand cars and have the ability to make our clothes last that little bit longer, but surely those sort of things cannot make us inferior as human beings?

The misconception that parents from my area are unlikely to encourage their children to 'get ahead' in this world by way of educational or cultural enlightenment really does need to be squashed. I am yet to meet one parent who does not recognise that these opportunities are what are best for their children, no matter what area they are from. Unfortunately, not all children are blessed with parents who can afford to take them to the theatre or art galleries. An education is an expensive thing to gain. The \$600+ spent by your average university student every year before HECS can often be the clincher in a persons chance in getting that education that will allow them to escape the cycle. It is impossible to study without books and it is impossible to buy books without money. Because of this, it can be more important for a young person to

find paid employment than to get an education. The way I see it is this- it is impossible to blame parents individually for their children not experiencing these things and therefore bettering themselves. Not one person on the dole can solely be blamed for not having a job. It is all of us as a society who must take up this responsibility. The day those at the higher end of the economic spectrum start agreeing to pay larger amounts of tax to subsidise the high cost of these initiatives is the day they can free themselves of the responsibility. Until then, people will congregate where housing is cheap and where their neighbours understand their frustrations with not being accepted within

mainstream culture.

We don't live in a Dickens-style slum with little to no culture, but you won't see that in the media. It was of no surprise to me that *The Advertiser* did not make an appearance at the launch of a Youth Art exhibition I

had the pleasure of opening last week. Nor will Channel 10 be present at the launch of another Youth Art initiative that will be launched next week. Many people in our community make positive and important contributions on a daily basis to not only our own northern population but to society in general. The fact that the last two Youth Governors of South Australia, as well

as the South Australian Youth Week Delegate, were all girls from Salisbury does not make for interesting reading. 'Salisbury young people high on the list of jobless' unfortunately does.

Before anyone criticises the Northern suburbs they should at least have the decency to come out and see the place themselves. Then they will see our shopping centres, art galleries, theatres, libraries and schools. Before they assume that all people from these suburbs are amongst the lowest of our society they should find out how many of them are their close friends who they admire and respect. Hopefully then, the stereotype that has plagued so many of us for so long will leave us forever. As a group, we will finally be respected for our individuality. That would be a society I would like to live in.

Until then however, we from the Northern suburbs will be content with our own knowledge that the only thing we don't have in Salisbury are sheltered individuals who are happy to put a dollar value on culture. If football is supposedly a game that symbolises life in the North, then what I have learnt about it is that the game itself has nothing to do with the meaning.

"You know that you come from Salisbury when you saw the Central Districts Premiership win as a big 'Up yours' to all those people from other suburbs who continually tell us that we do not have the ability to be the pillars of society. The actual number of points scored had little to do with our sense of pride and achievement in finally showing the rest of society that we can and are amongst the best. In continually casting us as failures they are just helping us to realise that we don't need their approval to succeed".

**Georgia Heath**  
Resident of Salisbury



Lord Rupert makes another quip at Salisbury's expense

## Your Union President Says 'Hello'



DJ Tanisha spins the dex

Second term is set to be an extremely busy time for everyone in the Union, as we undergo a programme of review.

### Interim CEO

I'm happy to announce that the Union is to engage the services of Rowen Grandsen in the capacity of interim Chief Executive Officer. Rowen will be assisting in ensuring that Union projects are not left wanting while we undertake the process of selecting a longer-term CEO. Make him feel welcome, and please feel free to pass on any suggestions for the Union to him.

### Hillary

It is with a heavy heart and teary eye that I pass on the news that Hillary, one of the unofficial AUU mascots, has passed away. She is survived by Bill who, if his memory spanned longer than three seconds, would miss her terribly.

Anyway, have a good week y'all.

Special thanks to my Johns (I love you both).

Yours in Union,

**Tanisha Hewanpola**

P.S.- Well done to the Avishkar club, who hosted the 'Indian Ball' in aid of the recent earthquake victims. It was loads of fun!





## Tom Radzevicius President

### Constitutional and Structural Review Update

After a short lay off, the committee is back in full swing, tackling the tricky and contentious issues that surround a constitutional review. Currently we are focusing on the orientation and activities sections so as to provide you with a better, slicker, more exciting, more involving and generally more fun Orientation period!! After this, the committee will begin closely analysing each of the submissions that we have received from students, so as best to reflect your wishes. If anyone is interested about what is happening at a particular meeting and would like to come along, then please contact me.

### IT&T Survey

The IT&T survey is on its way, with over 110 responses from students giving input into what questions the survey should contain. I can only hope that interest in the survey is just as strong. Don't forget this survey will set the direction for the future use of IT learning and facilities at your University!

### Adelaide University Alternate Budget

The recently not-quite-released budget for the University for 2001 has caused quite a stir within the academic community. The NTEU leaked a breakdown of the 2001 budget, highlighting the proposed changes that would, they believe, detrimentally affect students and staff standards within the University. The Students' Association is considering its response to this document as it has some serious implications for the future direction of the University. As a result we will be doing some background research into the budget and the trends over the past few years and will generate our own version of the budget with the focus being shifted from the current ideals to one more focused on the ideals of sustainable quality education. If anyone would like to know more, as usual come and have a chat.

## Mark Henderson Activities/Campaigns Vice President



### Prosh

Prosh is now two weeks away. It will be held from the 14 - 18 of May and you are all invited to get involved. Come and see me or email me if you want more information. I am sure that *On Dit* is looking for sub-

missions for the Prosh edition so go and see the editors if you are interested in that..

If you can't get in touch with me, this is just to let you know that the next Prosh meeting will be held on this Wednesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room, which is on level five of the Union Building.

### ASC

The next ASC meeting will be held immediately before the next Prosh meeting. It will be at 12 noon in the Margaret Murray Room. I encourage anyone who is interested to come along; we don't bite.

### Friday Nights

This is just another reminder that the Activities Department organises a free BBQ in the bar every Friday night. The BBQ starts at about 5pm and runs until we run out of food. As well as the BBQ, we also run a raffle where, for fifty cents, you get the chance to win a carton of beer to give your weekend a bit of a kick start.

### Semester Two

During the holidays the Activities Department held a planning day to organise what would happen during the second semester. If you would like a sneak preview of what will be happening, get in touch with me. It will mean that you get first dibs on what activities you might like to help out with!

### Suggestions

As always, my door and email account are open to suggestions about how I can make your life at uni more enjoyable. You can get in touch with me in a number of ways - by phone (8303 5406), email (mark@saua.asn.au) or drop into the office (George Murray Building, just off the Cloisters).

Have a great week.

## Brad Kitschke Education Vice President



### Youth Allowance Forum

On Wednesday May 2nd at 1pm the SAUA Education Department will be holding a Youth Allowance and Government Assistance forum for students. We will have information for students to access that will answer your questions about Youth Allowance, or at the minimum tell you who can. If you have ever wondered if you are eligible, how much you can get and what the limitations and restrictions are, make sure you come to the forum, Wednesday 1pm Union Cinema 2nd May.

### Youth Allowance SAUA Soup Kitchen

As from this week, the SAUA will be launching a soup kitchen every Wednesday on the Barr Smith Lawns. Each SAUA department will be taking turns to provide soup to students at a low cost. If you have your SAUA cup (that you may have purchased during O'Week) make sure that it's in your bag. You can have your SAUA cup filled with soup for \$1 every Wednesday for the rest of the semester.

### Satellite Activities

During Week 3, the SAUA Education and Women's Departments will be across at the Med School cooking a Pancake Brunch and handing out information from our departments as well as for the Sexuality Department, who will be holding Sexuality Week. We will also be holding something outside the Ligertwood Building and Napier. It's important for students to remember that the SAUA exists beyond the Barr Smith Lawns and the Cloisters and we will be making sure we visit all students across the campus.

### SAUA Forums

As was mentioned in the last few *On Dit's*, the SAUA will be holding a series of SAUA forums in Week Five to give students to have their say, face to face with their SAUA representatives. Most of the time students think that they only chance they get to question student representatives is election time. We are here to change that by giving you the opportunity to turn up to the SAUA Forums and tell us what you think of our campaigns, activities, where you want to be represented and what issues most affect and concern you. It's your chance to have your say on the direction of the SAUA.

### Law School

Many of you would have read in *On Dit* and seen in the news the University's announcement to the Law School. The SAUA will be playing an integral role in the new Law School working party and will ensure that all students are represented and the Law School begins to deliver the quality of education that students demand. If anyone has any concerns about the Law School please feel free to contact me on 08 8303 3898 or email education@saua.asn.au.



## Anais Chevalier Women's Officer



Hi Everyone, hope you're all dealing with the shock of being back at Uni!

### Austudy Soup Kitchen

From this Wednesday, the SAUA will be selling soup each Wednesday (to coincide with the times that Austudy recipients are at their poorest) for \$1 – if you have a SAUA cup – or more if you don't! This week you will be able to buy a SAUA cup, soup and a bread roll for \$3.75 and, if you have bought the cup, it'll only be \$1 next week! We will be next to UniRecords (weather permitting, otherwise in the Cloisters) from 11:30am.

### Safety on Campus

This is always an issue, particularly on the North Terrace Campus, and after recent reports we are more aware of it than ever. If you are around campus at dusk or after dark, don't walk alone in or around the city campus. Walk with a friend to your car or bus stop (to paraphrase Jerry Springer, "Look after yourselves, and each other"), don't walk through the parklands alone at night – or at least don't walk through the middle, arrange to get picked up from your lecture/tutorial/lab/library or call Security Services for an escort to your car or bus stop. They will drop you anywhere in a 2.5 diameter area of the Uni. There are security buzzers at various locations (including at the Med School) and all you have to do is push the button and wait for someone to answer! You can call Security on 8303 5990 (35990 from an internal phone) 24 hours a day. As long as you are careful there is no need to panic. Something to keep in mind: *a stranger is the least likely person to sexually assault you*, the most likely person to attack you is a current or a previous partner.

### NOWSA

The Network of Women Students in Australia conference is an annual event and will be held in Sydney this year. The dates are the 16-20 June (the mid-year holidays), so it isn't that far away and we have to start fundraising soon! If you are interested in going, or want more info, get in touch with me because we may be able to help you financially.

Well, that's it! Remember if you want to contact me you can via email ([women.saua.asn.au](mailto:women.saua.asn.au) – yes, its changed) or phone (8303 5406). Anyone who sent me an email that didn't get a reply, please re-send it - the computer issues are over!

## Georgie Perks Environment Officer



### ENUFF SA

ENUFF is a group of young South Australians passionate about stopping the spread of nuclear dumps throughout the country. ENUFF stands for 'Everyone for a Nuclear Free Future' and is an active organisation. Meetings are now held once a month on the last Monday of the month. The next meeting will be

held on Monday 30th April at 6.30 pm at the Conservation Council, 120 Wakefield Street in the city. Why not go along and see what they have to say about nuclear issues and taking a stand against making South Australia a dumping ground for nuclear waste.

ENUFF are running candidates in the next election, under the Nuclear Free Future Party. The next meeting of the new political party, South Australians for a Nuclear Free Future will be held on Thursday May 10th at 7 pm at the Conservation Council.

### Adelaide Indy-Media Website

Want to increase your resource base for news and current affairs? Adelaide has a new independent media website which provides an opportunity to share stories that the corporate mainstream media won't report. It is good to read an alternative perspective that is tempered by different influences and biases than the usual news.

Check it out at [www.adelaide.indymedia.org.au](http://www.adelaide.indymedia.org.au) and form your own conclusions.

An example of a recent story that was posted to the site is about the new Alice to Darwin railway line, and suggests that it was really designed for transportation of uranium and nuclear waste through our country.

### Bike Pump

The broken bike pump is now back in good working order. The parts for the hightech machine are quite expensive, so if you have any problems with it, come and ask for help rather than kicking it. Thanks.

*Nature can teach us far more than the finest universities'* Wyland  
*"Before water turns to ice, it looks just the same as before. Then a few crystals form, and suddenly the whole system undergoes cataclysmic change."* Joanna Macy

## Sam Butler and Elise Duffield Sexuality Officers

### SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX SEXI!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yes, sex is on the brain! Next week sees Sexuality/Pride Week, brought to you by the fabulous US! There is a schedule of this mind-blowingly exciting week on page 11 of this *On Dit*, but we would like to draw your attention to two major events in particular:

### Tuesday evening

The launching of '2001: A Coming Out Odyssey' at the Gallery, a very important resource we have been working on for the past few weeks. The night will feature art and live performance, as well as readers sharing some of their work. All a bit bohemian, but should be a great night.



### Thursday evening

Pop The Dance Party (not to be confused with a former Saturday nights at Stix ritual) explodes at 9 pm at Enigma Bar on Hindley Street. Everybody is welcome. Tickets are only \$8 for all university students and can be purchased here at the SAUA office (George Murray building), at B-Sharp records on Rundle Street or Central Station on Rundle Mall. It will be a huge evening of funky tunes and orange bubble wrap!

This week is happening in collaboration with AU Pride and would not be made possible without the hard work of many of its members, so a big chookers to you all.

### Don't forget

The deadline for submissions to *Sexualidit* is tomorrow, so get in all your sex/sexuality related pieces.

Love Elise and Sam.





# VOX

**Questions:**

1. What did you get up to in the holidays?
2. What would be the appropriate punishment for John Hopoate? (rugby, bums, finger - you get the picture)
3. What's the true meaning of Xmas?

**Patrick**

*Leaning against walls as an art*

1. I'm sure I had fun, so I'm told.
2. He should be enlisted to advertise for furniture places with rock bottom prices.
3. No comment.



**Darren**

*Beep Beep*

1. Dunno.
2. Dunno.
3. Dunno.



**Gavin**

*Trying to get to a lecture on time*

1. Partied and relaxed.
2. A taste of his own medicine.
3. Spirit.

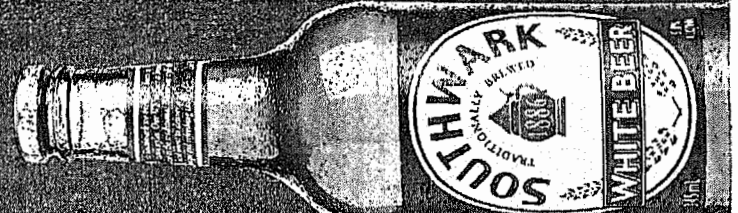


**Golroo, Rane & Lynn**

*Dreaming of fishing in Tazzie*

1. G: I followed Rane to Tasmania.  
R: I went to Tasmania to bungee.  
L: I went fishing.
2. G: They should shoot him up the arse.  
R: I think they should line up the opposing team and each one should fist him up the arse.  
L: Stick something big and pointy up his arse and make him walk around all day with it up there.
3. G: Expensive presents.  
R: Christianity - it's all about the baby J.C.  
L: Santa Claus.

BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.





# POP

**Toddy & Holly**

*Nature lovers*

- 1. T: Drinking and not doing any study.  
H: I went to Oakbank.
- 2. T: A taste of his own medicine, I reckon.  
H: Dittol!
- 3. T: Free love with relatives.  
H: Mistletoe under a starry sky.



**Kathryn**

*Making a bad name for Mature-Agers*

- 1. I made a model for Building and Design.
- 2. Anal fisting.
- 3. Greed and corruption.

**Arnold**

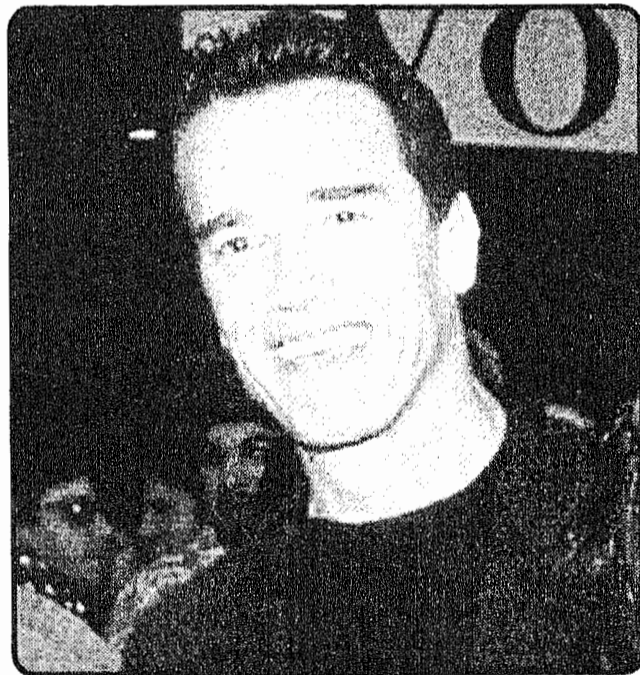
*In between the gym and the Californian congress*

- 1. I shot a great new moofie, directed by Ivan Reitman - a genius. It's all about a guy, played by me, who discovers that his genetically engineered twin brother, also played by me, is having a baby. It's absolutely hilarious!
- 2. He should go to prison, which reminds me that I'm also shooting a prison moofie set on Mars. It's all about a guy, played by me, who is wrongly imprisoned by an alien leader played by Danny DeVito, then busts out to kill him. It's a sci-fi-prison-comedy.
- 3. Christmas is about family and giving, which reminds me of my new Christmas moofie, it's called "Christmas Massacre 2000". It's all about what happens when Santa, played by me, is sent into the jungles of Vietnam to hunt for an invisible predator.

**Beer Winner!**

This week's winner of the funny answer beer prize, 10 pints of Southwark beer at the Unibar, is awarded to... Toddy and Holly.

Nice beer. Yummy. Thanks to Southwark for providing the very generous prize.



**Amy, Lauren & Cori**

*Representing the women of science*

- 1. A: I went on a geology camp - I like rocks.  
L: I did lots of study and went to bed early.  
C: That's classified.
- 2. A: He should have a colostomy.  
L: Remove his fingers.  
C: Five minutes with B\*\*\*\* would be punishment enough!
- 3. A: Glacéd fruit.  
L: Mr Hanky the Xmas poo.  
C: Getting trashed with relatives.



## Bar of the Week

### Minke Bar

#### Where is it?

Obscured by the lovely, Vegas-inspired Rosemont Hotel, just off Hindley St, down Crippen Place. Warning: there are no signs alerting punters to where the entrance is, a feature that further highlights the division between the A-list regulars and the Minke-virginal stragglers. While the regulars sail straight in, the others are left floundering in the poorly-lit alleyway, peering into every shadowy inlet in search of signs of life.

#### Who goes there?

Pretty much anyone. You get everyone from your chic-alterno types who pop in on their way down to Supermild, to your glamour pussies who spent the afternoon searching out the illustrious pair of perfect shoes to match their new camel pants.

#### Why we liked it

Once you've actually located the place, you'll be very impressed with the set-up. Downstairs, with industrial-looking cement pillars still intact, retro decor, red lantern lights and plenty of room. Kind of feels like an amalgamation of the layout and space of Fumo Blu with the wood-grain laminex, lighting and colour scheme of your nanna's house. This is a good thing. The atmosphere lacks the pretension of many cocktail/lounge bars, maybe a result of their smart decision to locate in the West-end. Whatever the reason, the result is that one doesn't have to concern themselves with appropriateness of outfit choice or visibility of underwear, only with enjoying the experience.

#### Any complaints?

A true test of good bar staff is to assess their knowledge of basic and common cocktail recipes. In this case the staff were killed by the Cosmo test, but were quickly forgiven when they asked us to sample the end product and give approval before handing over the cash. It seemed like many staff were employed to simply strut from behind the bar to the dance floor and back again (enjoying a professional ciggie along the way). Although they certainly did look very cool, and possibly got some great mingling done, it did cause some frustration while waiting to be served, and caused unnecessary time lapse between drinks. On the other hand, if anyone is looking for night work, this is quite probably the best place to apply.

#### Prices

Standard bar prices. Very cheap for cocktails, \$8, but the drink is just not as big as those masterpieces from Tapas or Fina.

#### Opening hours

Fashionably late at 10pm until the wee hours.

Lilith

## Restaurant of the Week

### Zapatas Melbourne St

Mexican restaurants never really blow me away. I've been to some good ones, too, ones where the beer is cheap, the chips and salsa are free and there aren't sombreros and sepia-toned pictures hanging everywhere. Unfortunately Zapatas in Melbourne St isn't one of those restaurants. There are sepia photos of Mexicans everywhere, the beer wasn't cheap and I did end up wearing a sombrero as the night wore on, as Saturday nights inevitably do in their alcohol-fuelled way.

Decor aside, I must first commend the staff on the way they dealt with a crew of seven young, loutish individuals whose first action was to demand another seat for the extra person we rolled up with, before each ordering a jug of margarita or sangria. Any establishment might have figured that they could have done without the chip-throwing and Mexican impersonations and politely asked us to shut up or leave. They brought us our drinks and extra chair with no problems and even moved us to a larger table when one was free. As it was a Saturday night and the food was taking a little longer than expected, they made a point of apologising for the delay and brought us double the portion of chips and dips we had ordered to pad the rapid consumption of alcohol. Service very good, seating comfortable, very suitable for large gatherings (in small gatherings, avoid the larger groups - never but in Mexican restaurants do people feel the need to drink so much). Food... not so good. The Billy Connolly joke about Mexican food being essentially the same stuff, only folded differently always rings true. Enchilada? Roll it up. Burrito? Just tuck the end under. Add plenty of cheese, jalapenos, grey stodgy stuff and some rice and you're on the way. It wasn't terrible, but it wasn't out of the ordinary and if the servings were just that bit larger, I wouldn't have been able to convince myself later in the evening that an entire pizza was a good idea.

One thing to highly recommend Zapatas though was the steak. After I finally managed to beat a piece out of The Chief, I discovered a steak that had made the top spot on the list of All Time Greats. Medium-Rare, juicy, tender, succulent. Go there. Bring loud friends. Make unreasonable demands on the staff. Wear the sombreros and shotgun the sangria, but please, try the steak.

Sam Franz

# Hairyfairy's Handy Home Hints?

Taken from The Windsor Recipe Book, containing 600 recipes relating to manufacturing, medicine, household and laundry hints, perfumes, toilet requisites, tooth powders and pastes, acids, sol-ders, paints, varnishes, lacquers, etc., etc.

Publishing Date: Unknown, but likely to be a long time ago.

Ever wanted to make your own sunburn cream? Ever wanted to make your own champagne? Here are some handy home recipes containing products you are very likely to just have lying around the house. All measurements are in suitably archaic terms.

### To Prevent Milk From Souring in Thunderstorms

(and this just happens all the time, doesn't it?)

Pass a thin iron chain through the handles of the milk cans and allow the ends to lie in cold water.

### Sunburn Preventative

1 pound of Ox Gall, 1 dram of Borax, 1 dram of Alum, 1 dram of Camphor, 1 ounce of sugar. Mix together and stir occasionally for several days. This mixture will become transparent. Then strain through a filter paper. It is then ready for use.

### To Remove Coffee Stains

Mix the yolk of an egg with a little lukewarm water and use as a soap. If the stain has been on for some time add a little Spirits of Wine.

### Champagne

With this article much deceit has been practiced from time to time. It is equal to the best and will deceive even Champagne connoisseurs. Take 1 pound of good Race Ginger, 6 pounds of Bright Demarara Sugar, 6 sliced lemons and 4 tablespoons of Tartaric Acid. Pour over them 10 gallons of boiling water and when blood-warm add 1 pint of brewed yeast and 1 pint of home brewed. Let stand in the sun for a day and at night, bottle and wire the corks. It will sparkle and effervesce exactly as Champagne, while to the palate it is similar to the best.

### Pain Ointment

Mix well together: 1 ounce of Tincture of Capsicum, 4 ounces of Spirits of Turpentine, 2 ounces of Gum Camphor, 2 ounces of Sulphuric Ether and 1 quart of Alcohol

### Hops Ointment

20 ounces of Lard and 1 pound of hops. A simple but safe and sure remedy. Very useful in cases of painful Piles or Cancerine Sores.

### Drunkenness

Can be cured quickly and surely. Take of Peppermint Water, 5 drams; of spirits of Nutmeg, 1 dram; Magnesia, 5 grains; and Sulphate of Iron, 5 grains. Sudden breaking off of drink does not affect the person, as this article prevents all prostration. Start with 12 drops on sugar and increase until 2 teaspoonfuls are taken at one time for 2 or 3 days.

### Sore Throats, a safe and sure cure

Salt, 1 ounce; Vinegar, 5 ounces; and Cayenne Pepper, 1 ounce. Mix and gargle the throat several times.

### To Frost Windows

Take 8 ounces of Epsom Salts. Mix with 1 pint of beer. Apply with a brush.

### Marble Tooth Paste

Pumice Stone finely powdered, 6 ounces; Honey, 1 pound; Attar of Roses, 30 drops, Rosepink, 2 ounces, White Marble Dust, 1 pound. Mix. This paste makes the teeth beautifully white, but should only be used occasionally.

Hairyfairy



# Consumer Watchdog

## Getting the most out of your tobacco

This week's Consumer Watchdog assesses the most effective ways to consume tobacco. Each method will be rated according to its efficiency and general grooviness (of course, the latter measure is entirely subjective, and can only be assessed whilst under the influence of tobacco. As such, the compilation of this article involved a considerable amount of tobacco-related research).

Naturally, the below techniques can be applied to the consumption of many other substances. However, *On Dit* does not in any way recommend or condone the recreational inhalation of grass clippings, organo or shredded council memoranda.

Above is a rudimentary diagram of a rudimentary apparatus. As you can see, it can be constructed out of little more than a cone piece, an empty bottle and a length of garden hose.

Carefully constructed, a makeshift bong is as good as – if not better than – a storebought appliance. The only thing to remember is to occasionally empty your water, as some find the ominous sight of month-old bong water more than a little disturbing.

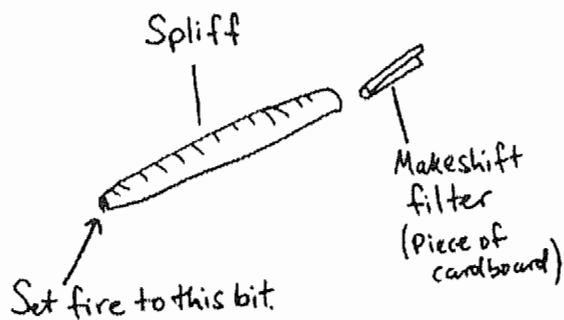
Efficiency: 6 – 9.5

General grooviness: 8

you raise the bottle out of the water. When the cone is finished, unscrew the lid, place your mouth around the top of the bottle, then push it back into the water such that the smoke is forced into your lungs. As you might expect, this technique is fairly intense – it will doubtless render even the advanced smoker hopelessly stoned, if not unconscious. Nevertheless, the bucket is ideally suited to a dreary Saturday night at home when there's nothing on until *Letterman*. Be warned – too many buckets have been known to leave people in foetal positions on bathroom floors.

Efficiency: 6

General grooviness: 5



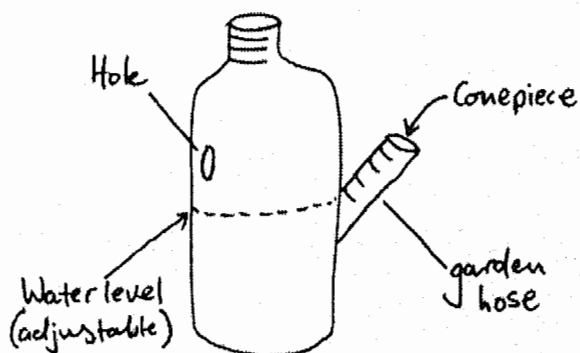
### The humble spliff

The joint (or "spliff", if you're a wanker) is the most famous form of tobacco consumption. This method is also the most convenient as it requires the least amount of equipment. The perfect spliff, however, is subject to fierce debate (well, about as fierce as your average stoner argument is going to get, anyway). I am of the opinion that a healthy spliff is nothing more or less than a medium-packed two paper deal, about a centimetre in diameter, preferably with a makeshift filter constructed out of a small piece of rolled-up cardboard (easily torn off a cigarette packet or the back of your packet of tallys).

Two papers – widthwise – will make sure that the paper burns in tandem with the tobacco, and tends to shore up the structural integrity of your spliff. Glue the papers together at the sticky part, then carefully burn off the resulting tab. This process constitutes quite a production, and getting it down pat will certainly impress your friends.

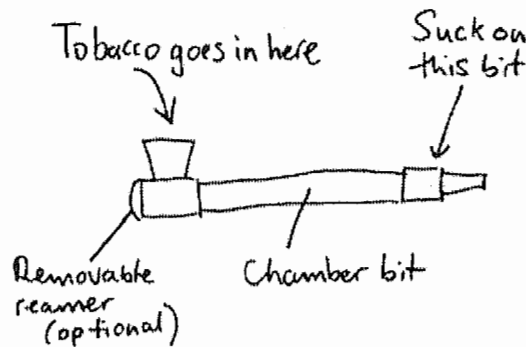
Efficiency: 5 / 10

General grooviness: 7 / 10



### Homemade bong mechanics

Man, I could jabber about the physics, chemistry and general mechanics of the bong (or "apparatus" as I prefer to call it) until the proverbial cows float home. Think about it – what other household appliance involves water, combustion, smoke, ash, resin, pressure equalisation and pilfered gardening paraphernalia? I put it to you that no other non-electronic homemade device provides more technical satisfaction than the good old-fashioned makeshift bong.

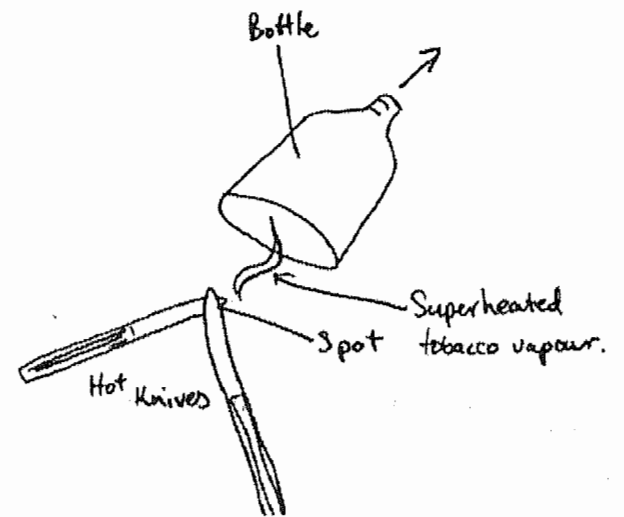


### Pipes and cone pieces

Fairly straightforward really. If you have trouble using a pipe, then you're probably pretty stupid already, and tobacco would almost certainly exacerbate the situation. The only thing to remember is to break up or "mull" the tobacco such that it burns evenly in the cone piece. Also, the length of the chamber will reduce the likelihood of "hot rocks" – tiny pieces of burning tobacco that can get sucked into your throat, which can be polenta stressful for those of us who value our vocal cords.

Efficiency: 6

General grooviness: 6



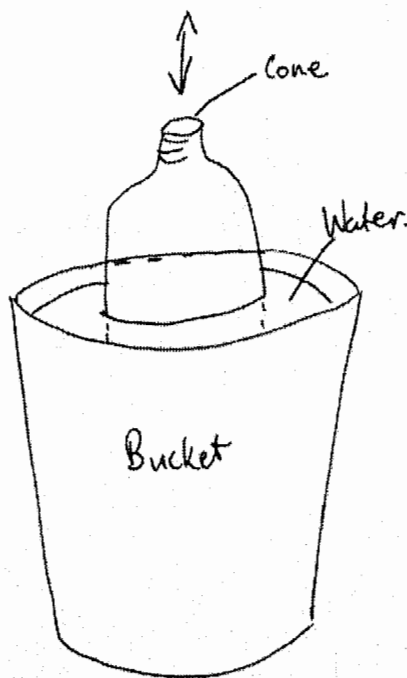
### Spots / hot knives

First, you'll need to superheat a pair of knives. This can be achieved with the aid of a gas stove or a pilfered bunsen burner. If you're using a conventional stove, place the knives between the element and something metallic – the lid of a tin can works quite well. When the knives are suitably heated, press one against a piece of tobacco, then quickly flip it over onto the other knife. The vaporising "spot" can then be inhaled through a halved plastic bottle. Magnificent!

Short of mainlining the stuff, the spot technique is easily the most efficient way of consuming tobacco. This efficiency stems from the fact that you are instantaneously vaporising the tobacco before inhaling it, minimising the amount of wastage. However, it may take a couple of rounds before your throat develops an immunity to the superheated vapour. Trust me, man – nothing feels more like home than an upside-down coffee cup, a pair of red-hot knives and a big block of cheese.

Efficiency: 10

General grooviness: 7



### The bucket bong

A bucket bong has been compared (by me) to a sledgehammer. As such, this particular technique requires more than a little getting used to. Here's how it works: fasten a cone piece to the lid of a largeish plastic bottle that has been cut in half (similar to the one you might use for spots), then submerge it uprightly in a medium-sized bucket of water. Here comes the tricky part: slowly roach the cone by sucking a flame through the cone piece as

Of course, there are dozens of other methods that you can use to consume tobacco. My advice to the novice: ensure that you have gained enough expertise in the above methods before you graduate to the more advanced techniques.

Ensure that an adequate supply of food (a big block of cheese, a jar of cherries and a can of Irish stew are my personal favorites) and music (Zeppelin, Radiohead, Grand Funk et cetera) are on hand – you'll kick yourself (or at least attempt to do so) if you don't. Aside from these considerations, there is nothing wrong with tobacco consumption. After all, if a successful subeditor and academic like myself can enjoy tobacco, why can't you?

Stan



# REVENGE

The Chinese have an old saying, "Before setting out on revenge you must first dig two graves." I myself subscribe to the father's way of thinking, which clearly states: "If you play with matches, you'll get burned, fuckwit." (I've always been astounded at how many of my dad's maxims contained expletives). Let's face it; apart from being enormous fun, revenge can be highly therapeutic. There is no point in denying, the world is chock full of fuckwits, and you will always find at least one of them in your place of work.

## MY FIRST JOB: THE DISH PIG

Let me make it clear from the beginning: I entered the job with no illusions. I was not expecting it to be overly glamorous. My chief responsibility was to wash anything that happened to encounter: dirt, food, saliva and/or faecal matter. "Oh poor baby," I hear you saying, but make no mistake: hell would be celestial in comparison. The premises could fit over 200 customers when busy - and it always was. I alone was responsible for washing every utensil, plate, pan, floor, bin and toilet in that godawful place. The kitchen was roughly the same size as the staff toilets. My dishwashing station was positioned directly behind the dessert chef's station. Or as I liked to refer to her: "Skanky Bitch Queen from Hell."

I will not even begin to delve into what a truly objectionable person this

woman was. There is only one thing worse than being stuck in a cramped space with a bitch. And that is being in a cramped space with an extremely



Workers of the world ignite

large one. She was a very big woman. This, coupled with her blatant disregard for a dish pig's personal space, made for a very nasty working environment. When I think of all the hours I spent pressed up against that sink (often with my genitals being splashed by scalding hot water) I begin to shake uncontrollably and scream obscenities. One night I became so hideously angry with her that I turned around (almost fracturing my hip in the process) and blurted out, "Could you please just give me a lit-

tle bit of room?!" She simply turned around, gave me a slimy look, curtly said, "no," and then stuffed another cream puff in her already full mouth.

Well my friends, words cannot describe the feelings of intense hatred that swept through my body like a malignant cancer. Make no mistake: I wanted this woman dead, or failing that, in extreme pain. So it was that I commenced a campaign of terror against this pathetic excuse for a human cream puff.

I was not foolish enough to commence my crusade that night. I needed to bide my time, let the hatred swell and fester in my bosom. I began with minor acts of sabotage:

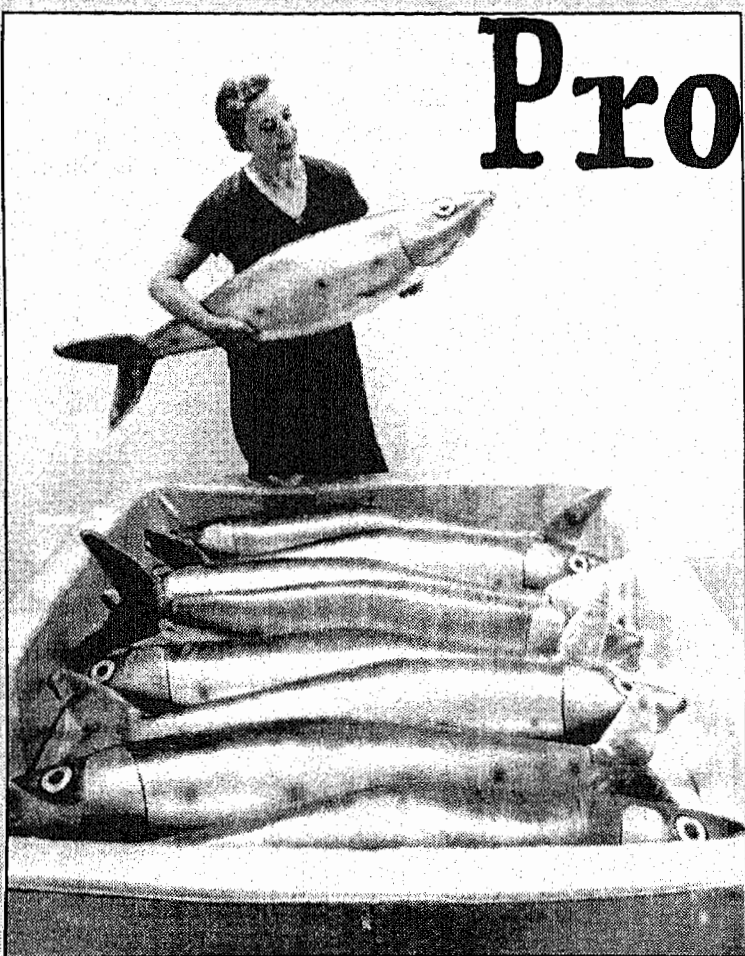
so shall it be done to him;  
20 Breach for breach, eye for eye,  
tooth for tooth: as he hath caused  
a blemish in a man, so shall it be  
done to him again.  
21 And he that killeth a beast, he

.....IN THE WORK PLACE

soiled ingredients, vanishing cooking implements and strategically placed grease on the floor. Once I unplugged her freezer, causing some of her finest cakes to melt. I even managed to covertly circulate a rumour, among the waiters, that she was stealing their tips from the communal pot and spending it on amphetamines, which she would sell to primary school children. On one memorable night she ordered me to bring her a bowl of 'warm' water. I cannot remember exactly what she said but the word 'scum' definitely made an appearance. Without a second thought I proceeded directly to the boiling water cistern. I set the steaming bowl down next to her and quickly returned to my mountain of filthy dishes. You have not lived until you've heard the sound of another human scream in agony through a mouthful of toffee.

I tried so very desperately to find a shred of guilt within my psyche for the truly brutal things that I had done to that woman. But every time I did, I smiled, for I knew that there was none. Getting my own back on that anti-Christ was the only way I kept a tenuous grip on my sanity. Some might say I should have risen above her, and not sunk to her level and perhaps fathoms lower. But in Hell's kitchen, revenge is a dish best served cold and sweet.

Joseph of Arimathea



This sardine prank is going to rock the foundations of the University

# Prosh is coming.

14th to the 18th of May  
(Week 4)

Get in touch with Mark  
Henderson  
(8303 5406 or  
activities@saua.asn.au)  
to register your interest,  
pranks or Prosh parade car.

Brought to you by SAUA Activities.



# Four Girls, a Car and Rude Vics

We packed and were off by 9:30am, give or take half an hour. Which was good, coz that was the time we had planned to leave Adelaide all along. We were four gals ready to party and have a fab time in Melbourne. We were: one single girl for a few months, one recently broken up and two in a 'friendly-no-strings-attached' relationship for the past year and a bit. So were ready to let loose and see what was gonna come out of our trip. But we needed a theme, and since we were four and we're all quite into *Sex and the City*, we decided to take on their names for the weekend. So there we were, Carrie, Miranda, Samantha and Charlotte, taking Melbourne on. We picked our names with the aid of fun sized choc bars. Carrie was a flake, Samantha was a cherry ripe, Miranda was a time out, and Charlotte was a plain choc. We all picked out of a hat (plastic bag) and we got the name which went with the bar. I'm sorry kids, to protect the innocent I cannot reveal who is whom, if you read closely though, and know us really well, you will work it out (good luck....really).

Anyway, the trip started out quite well under that theme, we even bumped into some very interesting fellows on the road (we were driving next to them and they asked us to pull over) who offered very nicely to show us around (we didn't realise at the time that they meant around their bedrooms and not the state). We were told by everyone (boys) how nice we were compared to the bitchy Vic gals, and they just loved us. Except when they thought that because we didn't tell them to get stuffed, that meant that we were gonna do anything at all with them. A few of them got the wrong impression just because we were being polite, and nodded and smiled. That was enough for them to think we were going to 'catch up with them later'.

But what turned out to be quite interesting, was when we started to turn against each other. We were getting into little fights, specially when we were lost and didn't know where to go. Map reading became more than a skill you could acquire, but one you had to born with. By Friday, we decided that we were not in an *Sex and the City* episode, but in *Survivor*, coz any minute one of us was gonna get booted out of the car. Miranda's slippers became our immunity symbol, and although she wore them every night she, like the rest of us, would have had a couple of votes cast against her name more than once. Although between me and Carrie the votes would have been tight.

And so, we took on Melbourne from the minute we got there, we did practically every corner of the city, went to almost all the cool clubs and a couple of suburban pubs at night. And shopped all through the day. Friday was very special, we went to St Kilda for the day and ate noodles out of a box at a park. Under a tree and a couple of drinks (fruit drinks), we looked like every other Vic out for a stroll, except without the fluffy dog. We hit the Casino that night, and stumbled on to 'Heat', a

lovely nightclub full of men in tight white pants. Miranda had the most luck in that place, she was picking up by the second just by standing there. While Carrie and I were too busy getting hot on the dance floor. Having only a couple of hours of sleep, we hit Chapel St (it was Carrie's job to get us up that morning) and Saturday night we went out (to the Odeon, QBH, and the Metro) and came back at 8am Sunday, only to have a shower and head out to the Vic market for some more shopping (it was my turn to get everyone going). We came back at 3pm, slept till 6pm and went out again. The Elephant Wheel-Barrow at St Kilda kicked arse on Sunday night, the band playing there that night was excellent. Except for the lovely Vic people who didn't seem to realize that they didn't, in fact, have the room they needed to perform the dance moves they had choreographed. So we got elbowed and shoved all over the room. Not only by the dancers,



Characters on, let's go.

but also by the people who wouldn't let us walk through, even though we had clear intentions of wanting to move on. The best pick up line for the night was 'are you Irish?' which some moron asked Charlotte while the band was playing an Irish song and she was singing along. While some guy decided he was Frank Sinatra, nonetheless, and sang 'Fly Me to the Moon' to me and Miranda. He wanted to follow on

with 'I've Got You Under My Skin', but unfortunately we were heading out and couldn't sit through the encore. Some guys also asked Carrie if she had any drugs on her, to which she replied no, and was told that they were undercover police. Right.

All in all, whilst we all love Melbourne, we all agreed the Vics were a bit on the weird side. The men thought they were god's gift to women. And that is all of them. Here in Adelaide you can usually render that position to certain cultural groups (you know who they are, maaate!!), but over there it didn't matter what cultural background they had, they were all in perfect agreement that they were the best thing since Aloevera toilet paper (for gentle soothing care). And the girls never came any where near us, not even in the bathroom where girls tend to make good convo out of discussing lippies or stinky perfumes, and it tends to be a communal discussion, anyone is allowed to join in. The fashion was mostly inconspicuous (they really don't care what you wear, and no one turns around to look) and the food unbelievable, Lygon St is just to die for, food, coffee, and men (and women) all in the one place. And no, not a bit like Rundle St. We are going back, but with a camera this time. We want to be able to make little Confessions at night to the camera and tape absolutely every thing, even the fights. We are all looking forward to having a camera shoved in our faces and pretending we're Poptarts for a week or so. I'll keep you posted on how long they allow me to stay...

Viv Torres-Opazo

## QUEER ACTION AND ADVENTURE

with George and Rachel

Are you lost for queer things to do? Don't feel that gay clubs and pubs are satisfying your queer social thirst? Aside from bringing you fun things to do we also recognise the need for maintaining queer people's rights. This does not mean becoming a political fanatic but taking simple peaceful actions that make a difference.

### ADVENTURE

Well we're all going to be very shagged out queer adventurers with all the excellent events coming up in the next few weeks. Apart from going to every single event during sexuality week (7<sup>th</sup> to 11<sup>th</sup>) there are some musts in the queer social calendar, and your absence from these would be practically criminal. *The Monkey's Mask* is a new and exciting filmic piece based on Dorothy Porter's lesbian detective's own queer adventures. The showing is on Monday, 7<sup>th</sup> of May and is \$8 and \$10. You need to book with FEAST on 8231 2155. Make sure you don't miss this sneaky peek at the film's preview. For all those wanting a brighter, faster pace than the comfort of a movie chair should get their tight little bums along to DRAG O' RAMA which is going to be a fantastic showcase of Adelaide's finest gender illusionists. It's all a go at the new Minke Bar on Hindley St on May 11<sup>th</sup> and a queer DJ will be playing until the happy hour of 5am with shows happening at 9:30 and 2am. Both these events are fundraising for the FEAST Festival so I urge you to enjoy yourself while supporting them at the same time.

### ACTION

Now, our dear hardworking Sexuality Officers have been diligently organising the week of all weeks at Adelaide Uni, SEXUALITY/PRIDE WEEK. Your mission this week is a simple one, walk into the Students' Association and turn right then take your second left and you will find yourself in the Sexuality Office. There you will be greeted with a smile and if you offer you services as a helper for setting up and organising bits and pieces for SEXUALITY/PRIDE WEEK then who knows what else you will be greeted with? The Sexuality issue of *On Dit* will be coming out next week, funnily enough, so take that first step towards becoming a famous queer author, get writing and get your quirky queer articles into *On Dit* by Wednesday the 2<sup>nd</sup>. You can email it to them at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au).



# Beerlines - Bottle Conditioning - What does it really mean?

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

The term "Bottle Conditioned" has a reassuring, wholesome ring to it, but what does it really mean? The word "conditioned" as it applies to beer, means a process of maturation or finishing of the beer. One of the principal purposes of conditioning is to arrive at the carbonation level.

In the early days of brewing, fermentation was carried out in open-topped wooden vessels, and the natural carbonation of beer was limited by the escape of carbon dioxide gas into the atmosphere. To retain a level of CO<sub>2</sub> within the finished beer it had to be somehow contained within the liquid. This was accomplished by adding a small quantity of sugar into the bottle immediately prior to filling and capping, thereby allowing the still active yeast to produce additional gas to "finish" the beer. This same approach is still employed today by home brewers.

As brewing became more sophisticated, wood gave way to steel.

Steel fermenters were easier to clean and in addition could be made to hold pressure. By controlling the

amount of gas vented to the air, brewers were now able to produce a beer that was naturally well carbonated at the end of the fermentation. The CO<sub>2</sub> vented during fermentation could now be captured, cleaned (or scrubbed) to remove other undesirable gases and odours, and stored for subsequent use within the brewery. This was an important breakthrough as it enabled brewers to utilise the cleaned fermenter gas to flush lines and tanks prior to filling with beer, thus limiting the contact of beer with air.

Oxygen is a major enemy of beer because it brings about oxidative changes which create off flavours (staleness). This same process when it occurs in a big heavy red wine adds to the depth of flavour. But beer is a subtle beverage, with less than half the alcohol content of wine, and these oxidation flavours stick out like the proverbial sore thumb, markedly reducing drinkability. In the case of Australian lagers and ales which are quite highly carbonated (over 0.5%

CO<sub>2</sub>), this is also used for a final "trimming", injection of gas into the finished beer.

So what are the advantages of bottle conditioning?

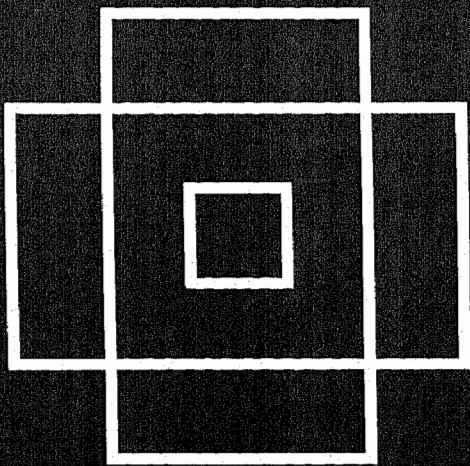
Well, for one thing, having live yeast in the bottle after filling helps to mop up air that may have been introduced during filling and therefore improves the shelf life of the beer. This is a particular advantage when compared to the packaging process for filtered beers which must be strictly controlled to keep oxygen pick up at very low levels. But if you fill the beer on the yeast, the yeast will perform the same task without needing to perform a secondary fermentation.

In the modern brewing environment either approach is equally acceptable. Today, brewers are required by environmental regulations to capture all CO<sub>2</sub> produced during fermentation, as it is a greenhouse gas. Thus all brewers have the necessary equipment to capture, clean and re-use the carbon dioxide released during fer-

mentation. The choice of following the bottle conditioned approach is one made more on a perceived marketing advantage than for any real quality or flavour benefit.

In the U.K. however, much more is made of authentic cask conditioning, with an association CAMRA (Campaign for Real Ale) promoting beers which are carbonated in the cask. Such beers are not only secondary-fermented but are also pumped through the beer lines to the bar using hand-operated air pumps. One of the benefits of this system is said to be the unique flavour development of beer brands from pub to pub, depending on how the local publican handles the casks at a particular establishment. The variability in this case is considered the spice of life. However not all beer drinkers are happy to accept that their favourite drop will change in flavour significantly, from one pub to another. So it seems this form of conditioning is unlikely to catch on.

THE SAUA SEXUALITY DEPARTMENT AND AU PRIDE ARE HAVING A

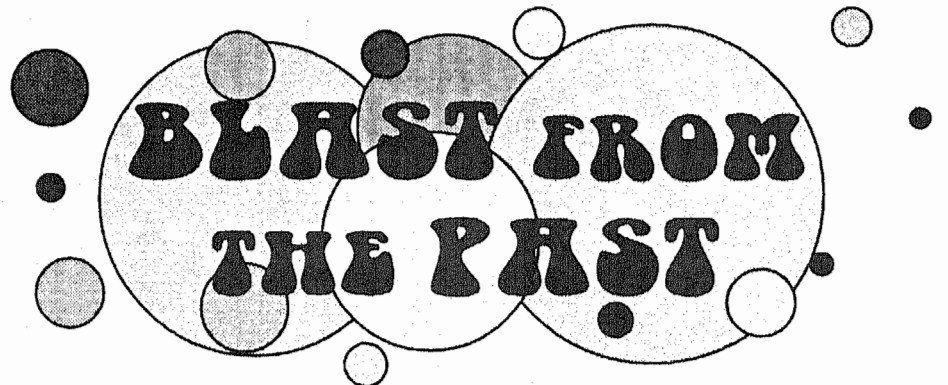


queer  
art show

ON THE 8TH OF MAY IN  
THE GALLERY COFFEE SHOP

we are looking for paintings, drawings,  
sculpture, photography - all styles of visual  
art by/for/about queer identifying people

to have your artwork displayed, please  
contact elise or sam on 8303 5406 or email  
girlsexo@saua.asn.au or  
boysexo@saua.asn.au



## MID-CENTURY TALKING BLUES

(3rd prize) by John Horne

The sun span purple and bounced on a string  
and everything changed, except that still  
apes gave birth to politicians,  
and llamas technicians;  
and we sent more troops to war somewhere  
and prayed for peace, while through the air  
and bombs came down,

It's from 1967  
and it's poetry. Is  
there anything  
more to say?

Well, it won 3rd  
prize in some sort  
of *On Dit* poetry  
competition.

Don't worry,  
we'll never have  
one of those.

and I crouched in the ashes knitting some socks  
with nothing better to do.  
I thought as a A-bomb fell  
(but it couldn't touch me as I sipped my tea  
wearing gum boots and civil defence hat)  
Hey boy, is this really you  
presiding over the end of the world?  
And it was, and I told them  
and they wouldn't believe me,  
and a man in a bowler hat said  
"son, de-escalation's on the way  
and we're all the way with LBJ."  
Only he got liquefied yesterday.  
Well I walked down the street and found a Russian  
with a melted face from the bomb, and concussion,  
who looked at me as if I'd lied,  
and laughed and died.  
The Queen saw the Duke who smoothed the crease  
of his white duck trousers while she gave her  
Christmas  
broadcast speech six months early, to call for peace;  
by the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness  
Buckingham Palace was a holy mess  
six miles down and twelve miles wide,  
Tradesmen's Entrance the other side  
Round about the Tower of London.  
As lime went on, sad to tell,  
The earth was fried like the hot side of hell.  
Grew flat as a pancake.  
With no-one round there was nothing to do  
So I kicked off too.

ON DIT Thursday, September 14, 1967 Page 9



# Melbourne vs Adelaide - The Club Wars

## (Or why Adelaide is not that bad)

Having just gone over to Melbourne for the Easter long weekend, I was inspired to write a sort of reply to all those articles that keep saying that Adelaide is devoid of any nightlife. Well, I beg to differ. Having sampled a few different clubs whilst in Melbourne, I feel qualified to say that it is really only a case of the grass being greener on the other side. While a night out in Adelaide may seem unexciting to those of you who have lived here all your lives, a night out in Melbourne is certainly not anything to write home about. Every city has its good and bad clubs, and it is really a matter of just finding your comfy rut and sticking to it. I tested out three different clubs while in Melbourne, and while there may seem to be more choice on a Saturday night, it doesn't always mean they are bigger and better.

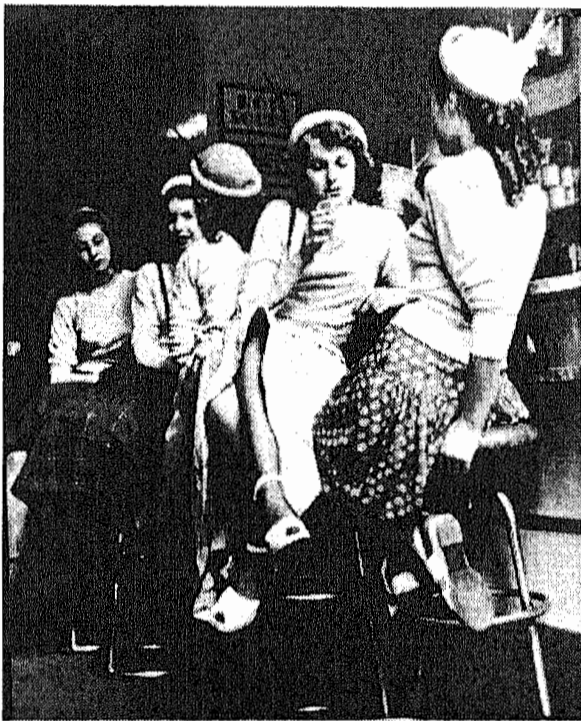
### Friday - Retro at Club 383, Lonsdale St

Having lived in Melbourne for a few months during 1998, I have had the opportunity to become familiar with a few clubs. Club 383 is an old favourite of mine, and I used to go there every weekend. Not having been there for quite a while, I dragged my companions there to see how much it had changed. I was pleasantly surprised to find that it was still pretty much the same. It is a real rabbit

warren inside, with two levels playing different types of music. Downstairs is rather cheesy seventies and eighties, rather like what you would hear at Timewarp on a Wednesday night. The upstairs dance floor opens at eleven, and that is where I always like to hang out. It is a peculiarly tiny room, which gives you the feeling that you are at a private party in someone's living room. The walls are covered in colourful murals, which have obviously been painted by someone with a very talented hand.

The DJ on Friday nights, Anthony, is really friendly and always listens to your requests. He'll even tell you precisely how many songs it will be before he plays it. The music could be called retro/alternative, playing artists including Depeche Mode, Soft Cell, Pulp and XTC. As someone pointed out to me, retro is really anything before the year 2000. Once you get sick of dancing you can wander through what I like to call the tripped out corridors. It is a real maze upstairs, and the friends I brought with me actually got lost looking for the upstairs bar. The walls are painted in UV paint in different designs and they are only lit with black light. There are

three different chill out rooms with couches and even a couple of video games, as well as a pool room. There are numerous passages that lead to dead ends and quite a few locked doors. We spent some time sitting in the chill out room having a drink, and the alternate DJ, Andy, took our picture for their website. Admittedly we were wearing ears at the time (bunny and cat ears), but I was amazed at how friendly everyone was. We also met a very strange man named Sebastian, who managed to entertain us for quite a while.



Young people across Australia enjoy congregating in milk bars, dance halls and drive-ins.

### Friday - Atmosphere at The Cage, cnr Russel St and Little Bourke St

This was my first foray into the techno scene of Melbourne, and I have to admit to having a bias against this club from the start. I am not a fan of techno, in particular not the hardcore variety. To me, this club was something straight out of *Human Traffic*, with its chill out room filled with beanbags, and the ear-splitting pulsating techno beat. It was almost impossible to find, as it is down a really dark and rather creepy side alley, and the bouncer then directs you to a lift and tells you to go up. We didn't know what floor to get off at, but when the doors opened on the second floor and they were playing Burt Bacharach, we realized it was not the right place.

Having finally arrived at the club, we were faced with the realisation that we were never going to find my friend in there as the darkness and flashing lights made it impossible to see three feet in front of you. A bottle of water cost \$3.50 and it seemed that the entire population of the club consisted of underage kids. The only form of age regulation was a sign on the wall proclaiming that you must be

over 18 to enter. It cost us \$10 to get in, but to be fair, we did receive an Easter egg each. And everyone in there was friendly enough, although that may just have been the drugs.

### Saturday - Weekender at The Ninth Ward, cnr Elizabeth St and Flinders Lane

We found the ad for this one in the local street press, and it sounded right up our alley. Being into the indie club scene we thought we would give it a go. On entering the club we were impressed by the décor, as we had been used to the hodgepodge manner most indie clubs are decorated in. This one has velvet drapes and looks newly renovated. It is quite small inside and the dance floor becomes incredibly crowded. The layout is a little irritating, as you can't walk the whole way around the room,

because the DJ box blocks the way. The music is exactly what you would want at this sort of club, but although we were enjoying it, we soon noticed that we were at the receiving end of more than a few unfriendly looks. We began to wonder if we had in fact crashed a private party, before realizing that the people there are just not friendly towards strangers. This is a shame because the club has a lot of potential.

One of the DJs, Dave, was actually quite friendly and played my request, but the other DJ was not at all communicative. My friend even went up after several unfulfilled requests to ask for a song by Ash, only to be told that they didn't have any. This was

patently untrue, since they had already played their latest song earlier. Dancing on the stage was a good way of getting away from the elbows that seemed to poke rampantly on the dance floor, but it meant that you could no longer hear the beat. After a while we gave up on the idea of dancing and just sat down. I got to chat with DJ Dave, who seemed quite friendly, and he assured me that the atmosphere was usually much friendlier. Hmm...well, I will be returning in a couple of month's time and I will have to give them another chance.

A night out in Melbourne is just as hit and miss as it is in Adelaide. While Melbourne may have a thriving techno scene, I would not hesitate to say that Adelaide has the superior indie scene. We can actually go out for a night in Adelaide and not have to expect to pay upwards of \$10 for entry into clubs, while people in Melbourne take it for granted. And doesn't it feel good to go out for a night to your favourite club and see all those regulars who you know smiling back at you, and be assured of a good time? Although I enjoy going over to Melbourne for a weekend away and seeking out new clubs, it's really only the novelty of it all. If I actually lived in Melbourne (as I have done) I know that pretty soon I would settle down with my favourite club and my comfy rut, and it would be no different to the way it is here in good old Adelaide.

## Is the grass greener on the other side?

### Poptart





# Student Radio

## 5UV 531am

Hooray! Another week has come around, bringing more musical delight to the ears of y'all. Don't forget that if you tune in Tuesday night at 9pm, you'll get to hear Denni Meredith and his band of merry techs put local and live bands to air, more details on his page of course. Then we have the unstoppable force of **Crud Radio** at 10pm, and **The Michael Tunn Variety Hour** at 11pm, so you can get a dose of cock rock and then punk (in all its many forms) in the space of two hours! Of course, we finish up with the luxurious tones of Katie, Liana and Lachlan with **Sensory** at midnight.

I also promised the people who run **Profusion** that I'd plug their show too. They do a youth arts show before **Local Noise**, so you can tune in from 8pm to hear them do their thing. In the past few weeks they've done in-

terviews with DJ Tr!p and Shimmertek, and they play some very good music too. They aren't a part of student radio, but they do a very good show about interesting music and should really get more people tuning in. Of course, if you're tuning in early for **Local Noise**, you're onto a bright idea anyway...

What else is happening this week? Well, the **Women's Show** is on this Saturday, so tune into them to start off the Saturday night with a bit of a chat about women's issues and some very good music. Then there is **Wall of Sound**, where we'll be playing some blues. And then, **None the Wiser** for local scene news and reviews. Lastly, I'll be serving up some unusual music on **Noisegate** at midnight.

Which brings me to an interesting point. I'll be playing mainly stuff from

an MP3 only, Internet label called Falsch ([www.falsch.ch](http://www.falsch.ch)) which has all its albums available for free download. This is perhaps the future of music, especially for very fringe concerns: the kind of stuff that they are promoting (minimal experimental electronics - download a couple of tracks and listen for yourself) isn't the kind of music that gets any significant airplay or commercial recognition. As a result, a growing group set of subgenres is allowing a lot of their music to be downloaded for free. Speedbass.com is another example, and the number of labels you'll find on MP3.com is truly huge. My flatmate and I have been getting lots of Goa stuff (very psychedelic techno) from there lately, and while there's a lot of uninspired stuff out there, for free it's worth wading through that to find the gems.

I've also been told that more and more professional DJs are downloading music, and mixing from minidisk or custom-burned cds. A lot of people have heard of the Napster problems, where record companies are trying to shut down the piracy of copyright material, and I think the fact that there are a lot of people using the net legitimately to find music for download has escaped attention.

Anyway, I'll leave the rest of that discussion for Saturday night... And don't forget to tune in next Monday! **Well Powdered/Heresy/Dork in a Cup/Eye and Ear Control!** There are festivals with lineups that aren't that good.

Student Radio Director  
**Luke Toop**

## Show Profile ♦ Dork in a Cup

Alternate Mondays, 11:00pm.

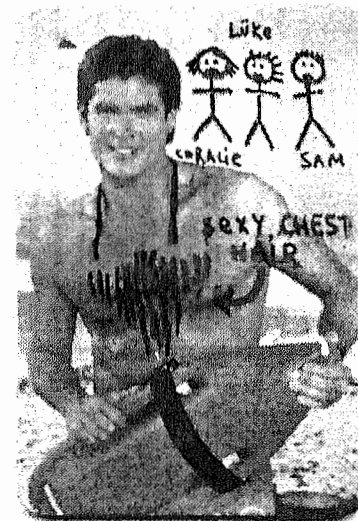
Featuring:  
NAME THAT HEAVY OBJECT  
1/2 MAN 1/2 WOMAN OF THE WEEK  
SAM'S SOAPBOX  
INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE  
COOKING SHOW

The Dork in a Cup Experience is an experimental radio programme endorsed by the Pope himself. Broadcast live from the Vatican city, the show is hoped to convert millions more people worldwide to Catholicism, through subtle subliminal message played during the program. Disappointingly, this has not happened, due to a mix up in subliminal background tapes, and catholic messages have been replaced by tips on DIY renovation to children's playhouses.

"How does this affect me, LüKe?" You may well be asking. Well, I can't hear you, because I'm typing this at home, and you're reading it in the future. But needless to say, if you enjoy appalling competitions (which are easy to win), poorly thought-out comedy, and listening to three naked radio presenters appointed by the Pope, you must tune in to Heresy at 10:00pm. Actually, tune in to us. At 11:00pm.

From  
LüKe, Sam, and Coralie.

PS. Don't forget to catch up with the incredible adventures of Nigel Trouser and his amazing pants which can do anything in our original radio play 'CAPTAIN ACTION PANTS!'



## Byte Me v1.05

### Paper Mobiles

Although this isn't specifically an internet issue, it is a technology and quite an exciting one. I was sent a link to a page on the LA Times website ([www.latimes.com](http://www.latimes.com)) which had an article talking about a newly developed mobile phone made out of paper. That's right, paper. When I started reading it, I thought it was rubbish, but as it turns out, it's true.

In America recently a middle-aged woman was driving down the highway when she lost her mobile phone reception and wanted to throw the phone out of the window. She didn't of course, because the phone was worth a small fortune. This small and common event sparked the idea of a super cheap mobile, made out of paper. So excited and confident in the idea she hired a barrage of engineers to make it work, and they did.

So the paper mobile phone was developed, using magnetic ink, it contains two silicon chips, and I assume a battery. Rather than having the speaker and microphone in the phone, it uses a hands free kit style earpiece and mic. The phone is expected to cost about US\$10 which includes the phone and 60 minutes of airtime. Once you've used your 60 minutes, you can choose to recharge the phone, a la pre-paid style, or you can chuck it buy a whole new phone, for \$10!!

The phone is waiting to go into production while the American communications authority (Federal Communications Commission) to approve the product. With already 100 million orders received, I think we'll see it sell out very, very quickly, so I doubt we'll see it in Australia any time soon.

This kind of development excites me, however I think I'll stick to my Nokia, I like the features, and I can afford it.....

### Criticaltimes.com.au

*Critical Times* is a new Adelaide newspaper that is very focused on local issues. Although I haven't seen one, apparently they print around 30,000 copies bi-monthly. The internet site is an excellent example of a newspaper website. This review is perhaps a very timely one for critical times as the next deadline is the 6th of April for a 16th of April release.

They seem to welcome contributions from everyone, especially if they focus on local issues

and interests. This paper seems to be an attempt at a real SA newspaper, probably to make up for the pathetic effort that *The Advertiser* fronts up every day. *Critical Times* appears to want to look at real issues that affect people in SA. The fact that they state they will try to distribute to regional areas is a fairly good example of their community spirit.

However due to the bi-monthly nature of the paper, it is full of critical essays on subjects, rather than giving detailed figures and facts, that would be outdated before the next edition. I also assume that this is why the paper is called *Critical Times*.

*Critical Times* has made excellent use of the internet with their page, by putting the paper on the web, they have increased the number of people who have access to it, without it costing a fortune. Unfortunately this would not work for most newspapers as they charge for the privilege of reading their stories. For free papers, the internet is a powerful asset is spreading and increasing readership.

### FurniturePorn.com

I found this site while searching the internet, it sort of comes under the adage, 'no matter what you search for you'll get porn in the first 50 results.' I am sure that most people using the internet have either searched for, or stumbled upon, a porn site in their time. Most people have gotten used to the dodgy programming, big offers and dead links that these sites often bombard us with. FurniturePorn.com takes all of these usually wrong things and makes them right. Surfing around FurniturePorn.com will have you laughing at every click, from the disclaimer at the start to the hardcore armchair on armchair action shots.

These guys have taken the art of the shonky porn site and put a damn funny spin on it. They have the crappy captions, they have the ugly, heroin junkie models, they have the bad fonts and lack of web design capability, they have it all. The only thing that worries me about this site is, where the fuck do these guys get the time to set chairs up in porno positions??? But then much of the good stuff on the internet is much like that too.

Simon Saint

## Survivör Röund-tu@

Well, it was just an occasion of tears and warm hearts in Episode 12. Although everyone started out a little down in the chops (what with the rain, starvation and inadequate shelter) the prospect of the contestants chatting with their families in the Reward Challenge perked everyone up no end. Now, I'm not going to pretend that there was something in my eye when they started chatting with their families, I'll just come out and admit that the engineered emotion plucked right on my heartstrings. Especially Rodger. In fact, of the many fans I've since questioned, few had the coldness of heart to hold back the tears. It was within this emotionally charged context that Rodger's sacrifice to Elisabeth became all the more touching. Oh Kentucky Joe, you let yourself be voted out next so your little Elisabeth could stay.

What I really want to know is why didn't they vote out that no-good two-bit Keith instead! After the rice debacle, Colby seemed set to terminate his alliance with Keith and Tina, but it seems tactics won out in the end. I suppose he knows that should it come down to himself and the remaining players, he is much more likely to be voted the winner against Keith (silly silly Keith) or Tina rather than the Kucha-backed Elisabeth or Rodger.

One positive thing to come out of this development is that now we all have someone to focus our collective dislike against. Keith's descent into infamy replaces the sad bitching void left by Jerri's departure. At least the last two episodes now have the prospect of some confrontation. Take heart! Just a reminder, the final episode is on Friday at 8:30.

Mikey





# Generation Teeve

## Talks to a 'Real' Man

### An Interview With Daniel From *Treasure Island*

Sometimes you've just gotta love Adelaide and its two-and-a-half degrees of separation. It turns out that I've got a mate who works with a guy who's the cousin of Daniel from *Treasure Island*. After a round or two of tag-team negotiations, I finally got an inside scoop from a gorgeous lad with the loveliest, most thigh-parting smile I have ever seen in my life.

The thing I wanted to know most from Daniel was: just how 'real' is reality television? The 'players', says Daniel, are stuck in a somewhat awkward place. It is all 'real', in the strictest sense of admitting that one did, indeed, say or do those things; the editing and voiceover, however, really change the viewer's perspective and portray people and their actions in an entirely different context.

For instance, Daniel himself made it to the final day, right down to the last four people left on the island. When it was announced that he was to leave, the camera crew filmed him saying his final piece—which was pretty much a thanks for a great time, and wishing his teammate, who now had to search for the treasure alone, all the best. Imagine Daniel's shock when, several weeks after returning to Adelaide, that episode shows him 'about to depart', and saying something vaguely nasty that he had said to the camera several days earlier about a completely unrelated topic.

The whole experience has certainly been a real eye-opener for Daniel, who now has a unique and personal insight into the way the media manipulates and distorts. As a result of his *Treasure Island* experience, he is now far more critical in his interaction with the media. "When people watch reality TV programmes", he warns, "they've got to stop and think about how much creative editing has been done. I used to be really naive about the media—everything I read in the papers or saw on television, I thought that was *exactly* how it is...sure, what you see on the telly is *part* of what's really happening, but maybe in a different context".

He believes that realiteeve has a place as a valid form of entertainment, as long as people bear in mind that things may be shown out of context, and refrain from criticizing participants when they don't know the whole story. Reality television is a kind of voyeurism, he says, and believes this accounts for its popularity. "People like to know what everybody else is doing and I guess that's where the 'reality' bit comes in: they feel like they're part of the show". He found it really frustrating when people said they felt they 'knew' him from the programme, because "people judge you on what they see, and they only saw *one* part of who I am on the island—who the producers *wanted* you to see". Viewers tend to forget that the people involved are *real* people with *real* lives and families to come back to. Frank and Justine in particular, two of the most unpopular 'characters' on the island, have been hurt a great deal by the way people have treated them since

returning—by strangers criticising them on the street or in supermarkets for instance.

That notion of 'characters' was also something I wanted to explore. Frank and Justine, during the final episode, both talked about how unhappy they were with the way their 'characters' had been depicted on *Treasure Island*. Were they all playing a part? "Frank and Justine, like everybody else", says Daniel, "had a role to play. They didn't like how they were portrayed. But in the same breath you've got to understand that it's still part of your personality, no matter how much they misconstrue it, you've still got to look at it—and if you're not happy then you've got to change who you are".

People on the island were playing their characters simply because they were chosen on the force of their personalities. It was obvious to all on the island that each was different, and to Daniel it was obvious that every person was supposed to fit a target audience or demographic niche. Even if you weren't conscious of *yourself* as a 'character', the producers certainly were: "They really wanted to give us 'personalities'. They really wanted someone to be 'the sly guy'; they really wanted someone holding up the team; they wanted to have someone who would take over and be 'the leader'". So which one was Daniel? "I think they wanted to make me 'the money-hungry one', which was misinterpreted by me just being so eager and enjoying all these things that we did. I was playing the game, and using all these different strategies to get rid of people, and so I became 'the sly guy'".

I was curious as to whether Daniel ever got so caught up in his 'character' that he watched the series and thought, 'that's not *me*'. The answer was 'no', but "there were plenty of times where I was thinking, 'stop scratching your arse', or 'brush your hair', or 'pull your pants up'".

So Daniel was aware of his 'character', and his role to play, but was he also aware of his audience, and did he 'play it for the cameras'? "Never. If there was one thing I could've taken *away* from the whole experience, it would be the cameras...I never liked the cameras, and I stayed away from them as much as I could at the start." After a while though, a fellow island-dweller pointed out that he had a rare opportunity to share his opinions with a national audience, so Daniel, a keen environmentalist who works for KESAB, begun to talk to the cameras a bit about environmental issues. None of it went to air.

The main reason Daniel never 'played it for the cameras' was because he wasn't on the island to further his own career,

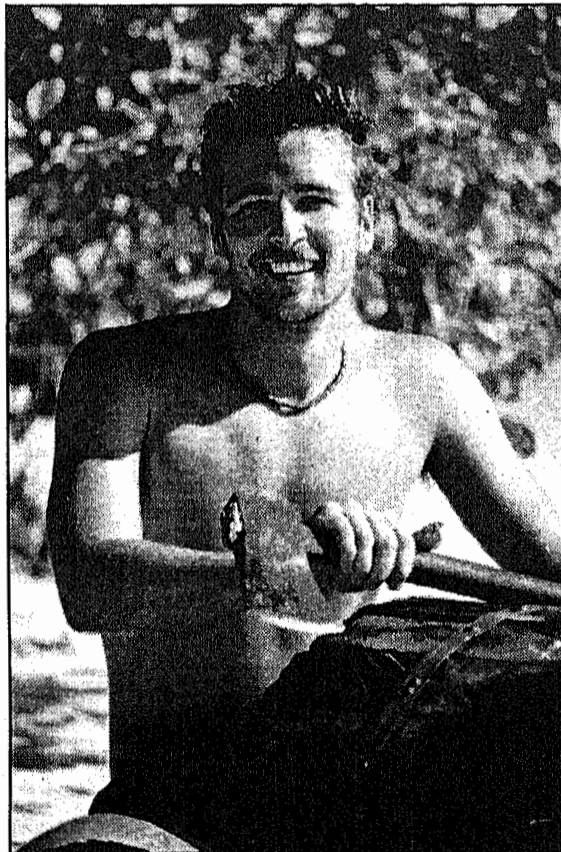
unlike some of the others. He won't name names (well, he *did*, but I promised not to tell), but he believes that certain career-orientated folk took the strategy too far—strategically dating certain influential people to ensure maximum television

coverage and longevity on the island, for instance. That said, if the producers of *Totally Wild* or a similar kiddies television programme need a gorgeous new reporter, Daniel's your man.

For Daniel, a tanned and sporty outdoorsy kinda guy, a month on a tropical island simply meant rocking good times. "I went because I love camping. I loved all the cryptic clues, and crosswords and playing games, and rock-climbing and all that—that's what I do". I really admire that kind of attitude...from the comfort of my nice warm comfy bed, or from in front of the television.

Whilst the producers presented many of the things said and done out of context, or edited to exaggerate certain points or events, Daniel says they interfered remarkably little in the day-to-day running of things, except for the crew being there constantly for 12 hours a day. He added, "I'm certainly not an actor by any means, so if they start to interfere in telling you what you need to do then it really takes away the reality side of things".

That said, however, the crew often made the punters re-do scenes again be-



cause a plane flew overhead, or the explosion didn't go right, or the crew got there too late to capture the guys finding their prize or piece of the map or whatever, so they would have to pretend to discover it again—which Daniel says was never the same because you simply didn't have the same enthusiasm. And once again, none of the islanders were actually actors.

Despite my own misgivings, Daniel insists that the crew were *not* sitting around scoffing filét of venison and quaffing chardy whilst the rest of them starved—they scoffed and quaffed out of sight of the two teams, but were occasionally seen at a distance sipping beers on the beach, or overheard complaining

about the seafood stew or the tough steaks, which Daniel says was fairly difficult, though he stressed that the food really wasn't that bad: "Our team would catch lots and lots of fish, but they would never show that. They wanted us to be surviving and having it really hard, but in fact we were catching...and eating heaps of fish".

The other thing Daniel says they rarely showed was just how well the groups worked together. He says, "I can only speak for my team, but we had a really cohesive and friendly bunch of people who all looked after each other, and they didn't really show the good things that we said about each other". The reasons to Daniel were obvious: "that doesn't make as good TV, or people don't find it as interesting".

In comparison to the other desert-island brands of realiteeve, Daniel said he preferred *Survivor* because you needed to be able to get along with people in that programme, or they would vote you off. On *Treasure Island*, team-playing had nothing to do, theoretically, with how and when you left. Punters marked a map of the island with the location of various landmarks, and the location they thought the treasure was in. The least accurate person left. Said Daniel of the elimination process, "There was no way of really justifying who went...It was complete guesswork, and that way they had a bit more control over who was going and who was staying, perhaps." He felt that people who provided 'sparks' were kept on the island longer. One girl was told she would be leaving next, but then the producers changed their mind and sent someone else home instead. He believes that conflict, or anyone seen to boost ratings, was kept on.

So now we return to my original question: how 'real' is reality television? Certainly, it is quite real for the players at the time, but for the audience at home, it is not so real at all. Or is it? There are plenty of people out there who have difficulty telling real life from television—just look at those soap opera mags available in supermarkets that have headlines like 'Bow and Chantelle to Marry on Days of Our Lives', and discuss the characters as if they are real people. Ask folks like Kylie how many times some idiot has called her 'Charlene'. And it's not always satiric like that scene in *Mallrats* where a guy called Dylan who's been trying to see the Magic Eye picture looks all confused-like at Shannon Doherty and says "Brenda?" and she hits him.

From what Daniel has told me, it would seem that the folks involved in realiteeve are real people, but real people chosen because they conformed to some kind of 'type' or 'character' that the producers were looking for. Just look at the kids chosen for *Big Brother*: there's a selection of 'types' if ever I saw one.

From what Daniel has told me, everything that you see has happened, but probably in a different context, or even on a different day when someone was talking about something else entirely—or it may have happened once already but the crew were too far behind to capture it and made them dig up that damned skeleton again. Realiteeve ain't so real for us at home, it's a sitcom, a drama, a lifestyle programme, and should be treated as such.

Jayne Lewis



# we are the all singing, all...

## The Cell

2000 D: Tarsem Singh  
Jennifer Lopez, Vince Vaughn  
Vincent D'Onofrio, Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Jake Weber, Dylan Baker  
Roadshow Home Entertainment

The basic purpose of director Tarsem Singh's *The Cell* is to take the viewer inside a serial killer's mind. To this end he has assembled all the requisite ingredients of standard Hollywood thrillers: the demented serial killer Carl Stargher (Vincent D'Onofrio), the crew of hard-bitten cops (Vince Vaughn, Jake Weber), and the reluctant heroine Catherine Deane (Jennifer Lopez, or J-Lo to you); and wound them together in a standard Hollywood plot.

Apparently, Stargher has a thing for kidnapping young women and drowning them by remote control in a subterranean cage he has built just for the purpose. He has killed six women this way and is working on the seventh when he is simultaneously captured by the police and rendered comatose by a neurological seizure. There is only a small amount of time remaining before the seventh victim is automatically drowned, and with Stargher unable to communicate the police have no conventional

means of finding her.

Enter Catherine Deane, a child psychologist who is employing brand new (and hazily described) electrical/chemical/sci-fi technology to enter the mind of a comatose boy. She is asked by the desperate police to mentally interact with Stargher in order to find out the location of his final victim-to-be. After some brief brow furrowing (which taxes Lopez's acting skills to the limit, I might add), she agrees, and into the mind of the serial killer she goes. I'm sure you can guess the rest.

But *The Cell* isn't about making you think too much. Its strength (or at least its marketing appeal) lies in its remarkable cinematography. The scenes inside the characters' minds are fascinating to watch, if only for the incredible visuals they provide. Yet unfortunately even they are tainted by Hollywood's steadfast reliance on cliché: Stargher's mind is predictably similar to a Marilyn Manson film clip, whereas the saintly Deane inhabits a bizarre pastel landscape that is a cross between a postcard of the Virgin Mary and (believe it or not) Graceland kitsch. During the credits I amused myself by wondering what the scriptwriters would have made of my mind (especially at a nine o'clock Monday morning lecture): an empty highway, with a few dustballs rolling towards the horizon, at a guess. Then again, I am a simple arts student, not a serial killer, and praise be to God for that. Grade: B- (A for the visuals; C- for the plot).

Daniel McCarthy.



J-Lo, all feathered up and ready for action

## What Lies Beneath

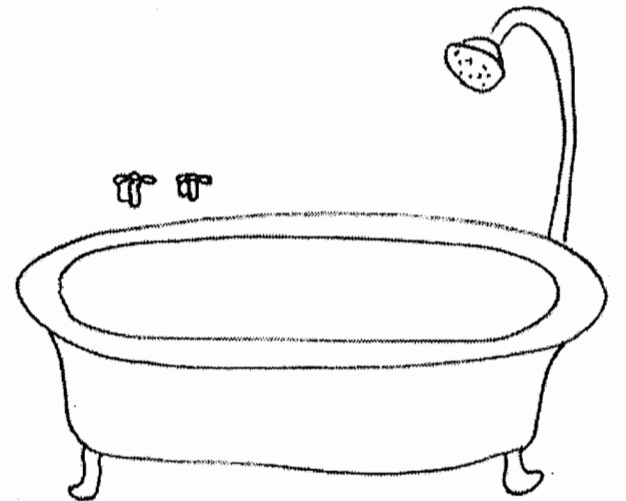
2000 D: Robert Zemeckis  
Harrison Ford, Michelle Pfeiffer  
Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment

Robert Zemeckis, who created the priceless *Back to the Future* trilogy, has presented us with the story of a doomed married couple. Norman (Harrison Ford) and Claire (Michelle Pfeiffer) Spencer have a picturesque house near a lake. They are close to their neighbour's house, who keep them awake with their nightly grappling. The Spencers become suspicious of these people, and then Claire begins to hear voices in her house. She has visions of a deceased woman and suspects it to be the scared neighbor.

The two leads are very good in this film. Harrison Ford shows depth; his characters are usually monotonous. And Michelle Pfeiffer is excellent, even though her performances are usually mediocre. They are perfectly paired in this film. Claire is a concerned mother and really becomes the underserving victim of the piece. She pities her neighbours and becomes inquisitive of them because of the constant fighting. Her husband, Norman, is hesitant about investigating them.

I can honestly say that I really enjoyed this film. I was completely consumed and curious about the fate of these characters. Despite being a blockbuster, it never became tiring, and the ending was fulfilling. The ghost in their house was unpredictable; watching its next scare was harrowing. There are plenty of unanticipated ghost appearances and plot twists in this clever effort from director Robert Zemeckis.

Matthew Herfurth



In the absence of any pictures for this film we have provided you with a picture of a bathtub. There is a lot of bathtub action in this film. Thanks Stan for this supremely excellent picture of a tub.

## Shaft

2000 D: John Singleton  
Samuel L. Jackson, Vanessa Williams  
Christian Bale, Toni Collette  
Paramount

*Shaft* is a remake of the 1971 action thriller starring Richard Roundtree as tough private eye John Shaft. Roundtree reprises his role in the remake, with Jackson playing the role of Shaft's nephew.

When racist killer Walter Wade, Junior (Christian Bale) commits a brutal crime, the only witness is a young waitress named Diane Palmieri. She is the key to taking Wade down but is too frightened to testify. She 'disappears' and it is up to Shaft to locate her and bring the evil Wade to justice.

Wade offers a drug kingpin nicknamed 'Peoples' forty thousand dollars to find and kill Diane, and

Peoples subsequently hires two corrupt detectives working out of Detective Shaft's own precinct to do the job. Thus Shaft must come up against killers, drug barons and crooked cops in his quest for justice.

*Shaft* is, unfortunately, rather mediocre. There are plenty of foot chases and crashing cars - plenty of action - but it all seems rather too familiar. Jackson is very good as the titular character and gets around in a gorgeous Armani black leather coat, and Dan Hedaya and Busta Rhymes offer good support as the crooked cops.

One of the best things about *Shaft* is Christian Bale as Walter Wade, Junior. Wade is an odious rich kid who hates negroes and who murders one in the film's opening scene. It is also great to see Richard Roundtree as the original Shaft, even though he only has a minor role.

While not being anything out of the ordinary, *Shaft* is worth a look. The original is better, but then the original always is.

James Trevelyan  
Special thanks to Linda Del Nin



SAMUEL L. JACKSON

# ...dancing crap of the world

## Poptart's Trash

And it's back! More trashy gossip to satisfy those hard-to-reach-places, for those of you who can't get their fill of weird things that celebrities do. Just don't quote me on any of this, ok??

- As you may have heard, Pamela Anderson is back and she is busting out all over the place. That's right, she's had them put back in again, bigger than ever. Not only that, it seems that she is getting back with her ex, Mr I-like-to-beat-my-wife Tommy Lee. What is the woman thinking? For someone who can have half the men on the planet, she sure picks the wrong ones! Just look at her last choice. Michael Bolton. 'Nuff said.

- Liev Schreiber (You know, the older man who ended up in jail in the *Scream* Trilogy) will join Ben Affleck in a movie adaptation of *The Sum Of All Fears*, a novel by Tom Clancy. Affleck will play the role of CIA analyst Jack Ryan, who was previously played by Harrison Ford.

- There has been a lot of speculation lately on the net about who will be taking over the role of James Bond when Pierce Brosnan hangs up his gun. First contender was Robbie Williams (my personal fave, love that cheeky grin), who was rejected recently, with the casting agency saying "Bless him, I don't think he's quite what we're looking for". The name Russell Crowe seems to be being bandied around recently as being a hot favourite. Bond must be "devastatingly handsome, incredibly fit, and available". Doesn't that sound like the Russ we all know and love?

- Tom Green is in trouble again over his new "comedy" *Freddy Got Fingered*, in which he apparently swings a baby by its umbilical cord. The *Hollywood Reporter* called it "a pathetic, unparalleled abomination", and *Slate* termed it "the most appalling comedy of the millennium". Sounds like every teenager will be there with bells on.

- Since I am a huge *Buffy* fan, I have to stick some show news in here even though it is strictly television. There is huge debate raging over the future of the show because it has just changed networks in the States, and as I understand it, the UPN network actually operates on a sort of timeshare arrangement with other networks in quite a few states. This means that *Buffy* will actually not go on air in some places.

- Great news for *Buffy* fans; there is an animated series in the works. It could be on air as soon as February next year, with the action taking place back in high school. Joss Whedon says that it will give him a chance to explore storylines that they couldn't afford to do in live-action.

- Some more Tom Green news for those who actually are interested. On Jay Leno's *Tonight Show*, Tom claimed that he and his wife Drew Barrymore were expecting a child shortly. He later had to issue a statement to say that he had just been kidding and had fully believed that the audience was in on the joke. He stated that he does "hope to be blessed with children in the future". Hopefully not too soon. He obviously needs to grow up somewhat before being responsible enough to raise anything other than a demon child. His film not only has the umbilical cord scene, but it also has him masturbating a horse and cracking a lot of jokes about incest. One for the whole family, then.

- A man was able to win a part in the upcoming Martin Scorsese film, *Gangs Of New York*, on the sole claim of being dog ugly. Phil Kirk is a television cable layer who has absolutely no acting experience, and was referred to the Ugly Agency after a friend pointed out that his jug ears and bent nose made him look like a baddie. He was flown out to Rome for a month and earned \$12,000 for his trouble.

- And to end with a few quotes - "I didn't think I was mature enough to understand the script of *American Beauty*. And I didn't want to be kissing Kevin Spacey". Kirsten Dunst. Stupid, stupid girl.

"It was so nice to go into a fake courtroom. I immediately went up to the judge's chair. Nice view. A preferable perspective". Robert Downey Jr, who only last week got arrested yet again and fired from *Ally McBeal*. There is one man who really knows how to screw up a promising career.

"If they ever do my life story, whoever plays me needs lots of hair colour and high heels". Charlize Theron proving again how very intelligent models can be.

## Antitrust Now Showing Selected Cinemas

I have to admit from the outset to being a little bit biased towards this film. I worship the ground that Ryan Philippe walks on, so I leapt at the chance to spend a couple of hours alone with him in a darkened theatre (well, as alone as you can get at a movie preview). And I have to admit that as far as computer thrillers go, this one is not too bad. It has the same technology-is-scary concept that tends to make technophobes nervous and paranoid. Ryan plays Milo, a genius computer programmer who is wooed from his moral standpoint that knowledge belongs to everyone by Gary Winston (Tim Robbins). Of course, once he joins NURV (or Microsoft as I like to call it) and starts work on some sort of satellitey thingingmyjg that is going to revolutionise the way we communicate, things go wrong and people start to die. The question is as always, who can he trust?

I really liked the way they handled the whole Microsoft resemblance issue; rather than simply skirt around the issue, at one point Winston is actually asked a question about Bill Gates and he simply replies "Bill who?" Tim Robbins is excellent in this role as always, and Ryan looks fantastic in a pair of spectacles, although he looks incredibly young to be in a company like that. Rachel Leigh Cook (*She's All That*) pops up as some sort of graphic interface designer (whatever that means) and Claire Forlani is suitably pouty and mysterious as the painter girlfriend.

All in all, *Antitrust* is quite an interesting film. It does raise questions about the extent to which we rely on what is in reality just a whole lot of wires and electrical impulses, and also about why have to pay for technology that really should be ours free. After all, why should Microsoft have as much money as it does? Why should they charge so much for programs? And aren't they taking advantage of their monopoly on the marketplace? And why do computers always swallow my essays when they are almost finished? (That last question had nothing to do with the movie at all.) And what's with computer programmers who type more slowly than I do?

## Poptart

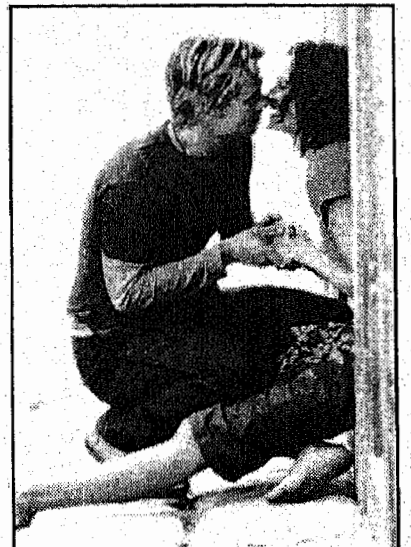
## The Mexican Selected Cinemas Now Showing

Brad Pitt. Julia Roberts. Hmmmm.....it seems this film is destined to succeed before it starts. With pulling power like that behind it, *The Mexican* is certain to be financially viable regardless of the ludicrously large sums of money these two actors alone demand. Let's start with Brad Pitt. Maybe it's just because I'm a guy, but (besides his body, which I acknowledge is pretty ripped/beefcake/buff/whatever) I can't really see why he is considered to be so damn shaggable by women. Sure, he's a good actor, but so was John Candy (ahh...John...we miss you). Maybe it's the big blue eyes. Whatever the reason, I must admit that I've always liked Brad Pitt - in a male-like kind of way - for his evil role in *Kalifornia* and for his brilliant performance in the greatest film of all time, *Fight Club*. Julia Roberts, on the other hand, has always shitted me. I must be one of only a handful of guys who never found her to be extremely gorgeous (sure, she's not bad looking....but not amazing either). Maybe it's because I've never seen her in a movie I've really enjoyed. To me, Julia = *Pretty Woman*. Or *Erin Brockovich*, *The Pelican Brief*, etc. Anyway, it was with trepidation that I entered the cinema to review *The Mexican*.

The basic gist of the story is as follows (god, I love production notes). Brad Pitt plays Jerry Welbach, a reluctant bagman (yeah, right...and Viv Richards is my uncle) who is forced to make an important life decision. Given two ultimatums, he chooses a life of peril and drugs and sex and rock and roll and suits and Ian Dury-ness, in exchange for a little icy action from his darling Samantha (Julia Roberts) who wants him to leave his mob days behind. After some persuasion from his mob boss he travels to Mexico in order to retrieve a priceless antique pistol known as "The Mexican" (hence, the name of the film...yay!), or else he'll find himself in deep poo. Jerry follows the mob lines, figuring that he'd rather be in a little trouble with his girlfriend (and be alive), rather than end up 'swimming with the fishes'. He finds the gun and discovers that it's cursed (hmmmm....). Samantha gets taken

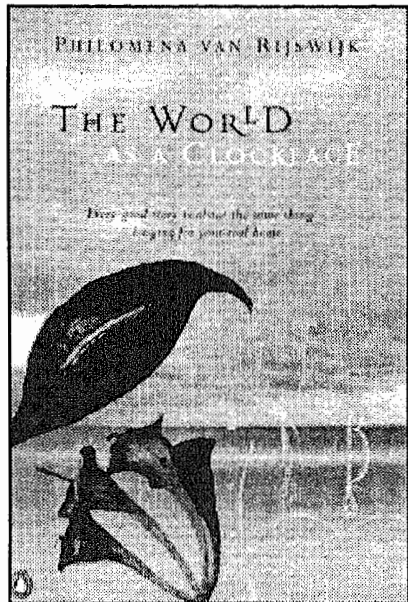
hostage by a hitman to ensure the safe passage of the aforementioned gun and so on. Wow. Only in Hollywood. As Jerry, Brad delivers another solid acting performance and his fine work almost eclipses that of Anthony Quinn. Julia is surprisingly good too. Definitely one of her better roles. She didn't shit me as much as she usually does. Special shoutout to Sheryl Blum who delivers the goods as the hairstylist of *The Mexican*. (note Mr Spitt's hairstyle in picture). Without the special contributions of the foley men and grip boys (and best boys), this movie would not be the potential Oscar blitzer that it is. Is it worth seeing? Well, you could do a lot worse. A little bit of humour, some action and a tossed salad makes this movie the best pick of Autumn. *The Mexican* is most probably worth your admission ticket AND a box of jaffas.

M.J.K.





# the tip of the tongue taking a



## **The World as a Clockface** Philomena van Rijswijk Penguin

*The World as a Clockface* describes the stories of various people who live in the small town of Whalers Gate on the island of Esmania. Nothing has been the same since the turn of the century, as wonderful and strange things begin to happen, inextricably related to or involving the weather. For me this book draws immediate comparisons to Delia Falconer's *The Service of Clouds*. Philomena van Rijswijk creates the same atmosphere with her writing as Delia Falconer managed to create in *The Service...* In this new century anything and everything can happen and the events and tasks of the townspeople are fascinating and complex and engaging to read. Like *The Service...*, *The World as a*

*Clockface* is also divided into significant parts as well as chapters, a structure which suits the novel.

However, *The World as a Clockface* does contain its own individuality. Philomena van Rijswijk covers the stories of many of the people who live in Whaler's Gate. Indeed she manages to write in such a personal and innovative way about so many different and versatile characters that the book is never boring - each char-

acter she creates, she then explores, each discovering their own desires and place in life, as unexpected as it may be.

The book begins with the story of four sisters arriving at the convent in Whaler's Gate. These four characters develop and their own journeys continue throughout the book - one marries the local doctor, another ends up living on a small desolate island inhabited only by herself and natives, while two remain the staple of Whaler's Gate as nuns, teachers, and women of reason. Then there is the tale of Mrs Lavina Chomsky and her three children, who run away with Captain Schuyler and explore the Antarctic, America and Africa on his boat, the *King of Iceland*. There is my favourite chapter about the week that the women of the town spend at the luxurious resort The Gardens of Shalimar at the top of the mountains, with an Indian prince and his accompanying entourage. There is also the time that the men of the town, through their own reasoning, decide that they can stop time for a week to make it rain.

Although the stories might seem bizarre or strange, they are magical. Like Falconer, Philomena van Rijswijk chooses to set her novel in the early 1900s with the philosophy that anything new and strange can develop in the beginning of a new century. She creates a fascinating, engaging and beautiful novel full of charming characters and interesting stories, all told with a natural storytelling style with excellent use of imagery and metaphor. I highly recommend this excellent new Australian novel to anyone who simply enjoys a well-written story. And check out *The Service of Clouds* if you haven't read it, it's great.

Rosie

## **Mother Lode**

Susan Addison

University of Queensland Press

My opinions and feelings about this book changed with each new short story. This makes it hard to form an overall opinion of the book.

On the front cover is written, "a fierce reminder of just how precious life is". This gave me the impression that it would be mostly about a death in her family and how she dealt with it, or the story according to her of that person's life and why they were special. This is not the case. Each short story stands of its own accord, but as a collection each is needed to add to the others for its overall effect.

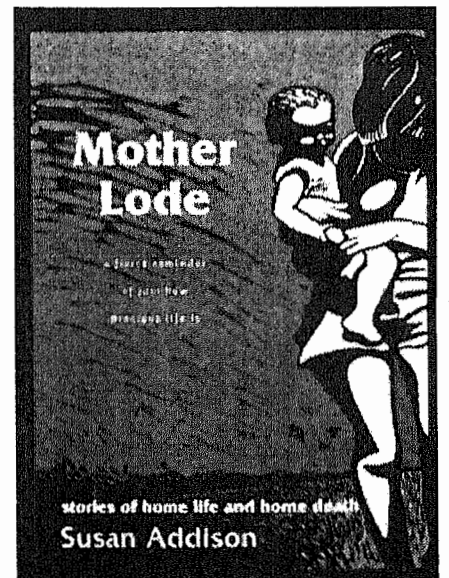
It begins with stories about the death of her son, but doesn't pick up on these in future stories as I'd expected. There are other stories about the deaths of her parents and then stories and memories of muffins and soups. It became quite peculiar to me.

As I read it I found myself thinking, "this isn't really a story about anything new or particularly worthwhile, most of this stuff

I've experienced myself". I think that the ability to relate to these is what found me at times smiling and crying - only a tear or two, though; it wasn't that I felt compassion for this woman.

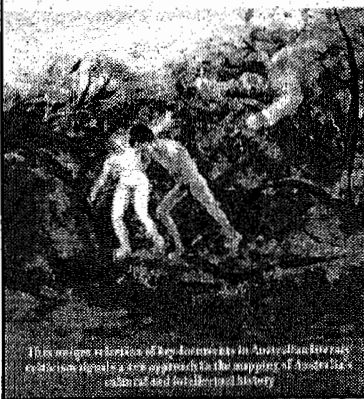
The first few stories made me feel that I'd hate this book, but the ability of Addison to write in such a way that her words flowed over and into me caused me to find myself enjoying it as I read. I found myself looking forward to the next story, although it certainly wasn't a book that I couldn't put down. It's not the content of the book that I enjoyed, but the honesty of this woman and her complete sharing of herself with a reader - a person she'll never know.

It's not a book I would recommend as a present, or to buy for oneself, but as a book which can sit on a bookshelf for a day when one doesn't know what else to read.



## **Authority and Influence**

Australian literary criticism 1950 - 2000

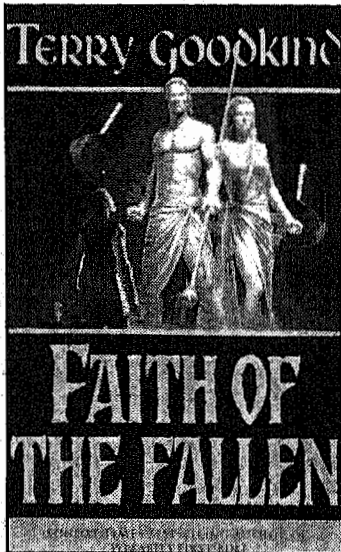


## **Authority and Influence: Australian Literary Criticism 1950-2000**

Ed. by Delys Bird, Robert Dixon, and Christopher Lee  
University of Queensland Press

Ok, so this book is not a page turner. As far as lit crit goes, however, it's a very good book. *Authority and Influence* is a collection of important and/or significant essays on

Australian literature from 1950-2000. Together, these essays 'sum up' what the past 50 years of Australian literary criticism has been all about. The essays deal with topics like postcolonialism, feminism, Aboriginality, etc. If you're studying any form of Australian lit, this book is worth a look.

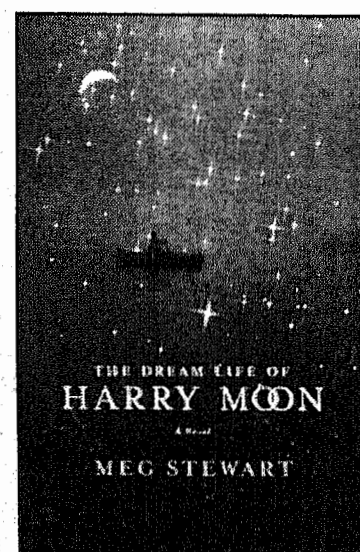


## **Faith of the Fallen**

Terry Goodkind  
Allen and Unwin

A warning to all fantasy readers out there - if you're not a die-hard fan of the genre, than this book is probably not for you. Al-

though the back cover says that this book is "...a novel of the nobility of the human spirit", I'm still a bit wary. How deep can a book be when the main characters are called 'Emperor Jagang' and 'Richard the Seeker'? Don't knock it till you try it, I guess.



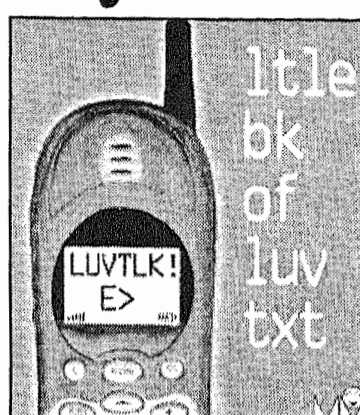
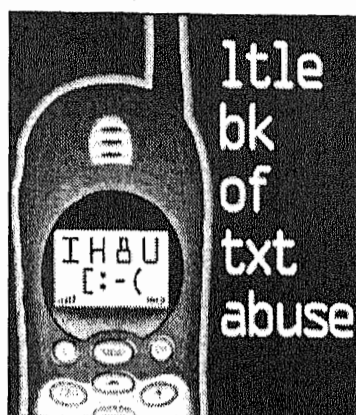
## **The Dream Life of Harry Moon**

Meg Stewart  
Sceptre

Looking for some light, uplifting reading? This book could be for you. Here's the basic plot: writer Miranda Bell is suffering from writer's block, insomnia and a mid-life crisis. One day a mysterious man named Harry Moon appears at her door, claiming that he can sell her dreams. What can these dreams do for Miranda? You'll have to read the book to find out.



# trip of three steps, Lo. Lee Ja



**WANTLK?: ltle bk of txt msg**  
**IH8U: The ltle bk of txt abuse**  
**LUVTLK: ltle bk of luv txt**  
**Michael O'Mara Books Ltd**

*WAN2TLK?*, *IH8U*, and *LUVTLK* are a set of three nonsense-filled, vaguely amusing little books posing as the "first ever text messaging dictionaries", purportedly enabling the savvy mobile phone user to make E-love and E-enemies and embrace the opportunities presented by SMS, the "communication system for the 21<sup>st</sup> century". For the uninitiated, SMS stands for Short Message Service, which basically enables users to send messages of up to 150 characters between mobile phones for a flat fee, thus making it a popular communication choice for the budget conscious.

These books attempt to bring together all the 'essential' tools of SMS communication, such as emoticons (the little faces :-> designed to convey feelings), as well as abbreviations, acronyms, pictures and even, in *LUVTLK*, a selection of abbreviated love poetry and sonnets. A handful of the abbreviations and emoticons listed in these books are witty and amusing, the majority however range in quality from the ridiculous to the pointless and downright stupid. For example in *WANTLK?*, UM UM UM UM is given as an abbreviation of um um um um.

Many of the insults and pick up lines in *IH8U* and *LUVTLK* are far too infantile and sleazy to be of any practical use to the half way intelligent mobile phone user, for example: RThOsFEtYaOwnOrRUBrknThmin4Aduk? (are those you own feet or are you breaking them in for a duck?), ImA\*vinRtst&Iwan2EatU (I am a starving artist and I want to eat you) and IISedUHdAButifulBdyWldUHldItAgnstMe? (If I said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me?).

*IH8U*, *LUVTLK* and *WANTLK?* are hardly "this year's must have mobile phone accessory", and they certainly don't qualify as "dictionaries". The main appeal of these books seems to be in their novelty value - they are good for about half an hour's worth of mindless distraction. After that, they are pretty useless, except as cheap gifts for friends that are hard to buy for and who you don't really like. Verdict: Don't bother.

**Alexandra Winwood**

## What's on for writers in May

### Writers' Caf

Is held the first Monday of every month at Koko's Café, Rundle St. Special guests at Writers' Caf on 7th May are Kerryn Goldsworthy, Gail Walker and Skye Yuill. Adelaide band The American Public will also perform. For more info, call the SA Writers' Centre on 8223 7662.

### Anne-Marie Mykyta Memorial Lecture

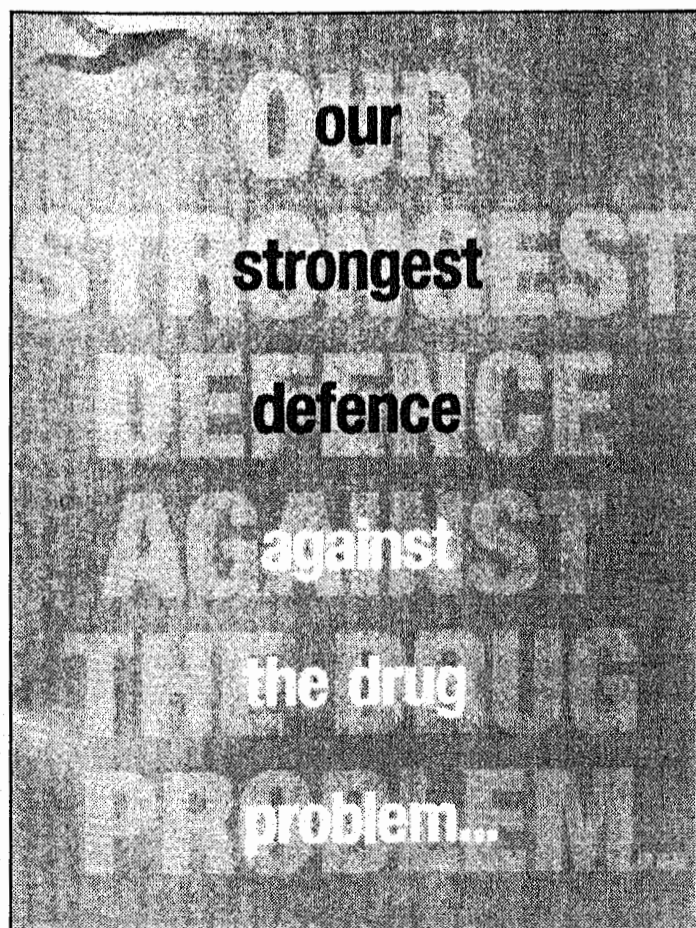
On 10 May author/journalist Tim Heald will speak on the topic 'Have pen, will travel'. Admission is free. Call the SA Writers' Centre on 8223 7662 for more info.

### Impurity

...is the inaugural National Undergraduate Writing Award run by the Newcastle Uni's Students' Association (NUSA). First prize in both the Essay and Short Story categories is \$2,000. Deadline for entries is June 29. For more info, contact NUSA on (02) 4968 1281.

### On Dit

Of course we are always looking for quality fiction and non-fiction from young or upcoming writers to publish in the pages of our prestigious rag.



## Our Strongest Defence Against the Drug Problem... Families National Illicit Drugs Campaign

From the corny title to the whimsically ironic outline of a "Tough on Drugs Plan", *Our Strongest Defence...* is a celebration through parody of everything that is wrong with:

The current government's prohibitionist attitude to drugs;

Attempts by public relations consultants to put a kind, humane face on a repressive and intolerant government mindset;

Governments trying to speak the language of the street; and,

The blatant use of public money to push governing-party policy during an election year.

Rarely do we see a satirical pastiche as hilarious as this coming from within Australia, so it's especially refreshing that *Our Strongest Defence...* bears every mark of being a genuine Commonwealth publication. The deadpan is seamless.

My favourite passage:

[Quote from child, to parent:]

"Well, you used drugs."

You should be prepared for this type of response if this statement applies to you... Ac-

knowledge that illicit drugs are dangerous, that you would make a different decision now and that you do not want them to make the same mistakes.

The subtext is brilliantly shallow:

*Sure I was a drug-fucked hippy from 1967 to 1973, but things were different then... You were expected to drop out and enjoy your youth. But I'm counting on you to fund my retirement, so stay off the loco weed and get a job.*

Like it?

It's moments like this that almost push *Our Strongest Defence...* past parody and into the realms of psychedelia, but that would be going too far - the book works as comedy precisely because it is *almost* plausible. One can very nearly see something like this coming from a truly desperate and soon-to-be-facing-electoral-annihilation government wanting to justify itself to the voters while it still has taxpayers' money to play with. Groovy.

**Hagbard  
Celine**

Street name:  
Chronic





# Goodbye Norma Jeane...

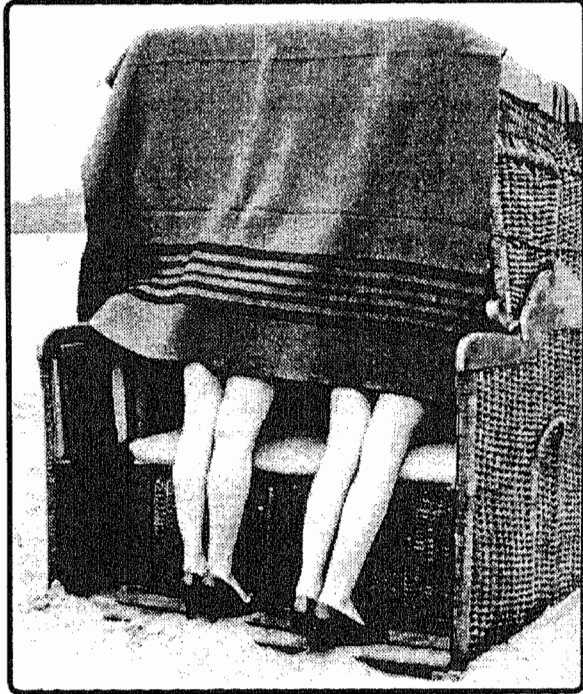
## Art Is F'art:

### An opinion from the people

As one of the most educated social groups in any society, the artistic community really has a great deal to answer for. For example, did their education collapse their cranium? Or is it all part of a government inbreeding program that failed to eradicate the creatively-influenced, welfare dependent community? Either way, becoming intrinsically involved in the arts community of Adelaide, or any city for that matter, is a great excuse for snobbery, bitchiness, wearing ridiculously avant-garde clothing and chain smoking, all on a trail of free champagne and derogatory (if not fascist) in-house jokes.

So far I have ignored the matter of artistry, partly because it seems to take a lower level of importance than the actual social attraction of an exhibition opening, and secondly because, after experiencing an opening, it is quite obvious what is more interesting realistically, psychologically and sociologically. This group with an apparent disdain for conservatism is really so innately banal they put bureaucracy to shame. The last two repugnancies called exhibitions that come to mind contained such epics as a giant fuzzy felt

decoupage for adults and a mass of knitted woollen reproductive organs. Inspiring stuff that is apparently quite logical in that symbolic kind of way when looked upon in the artist's way of thinking. Is it just me, or was art meant to be something that you as an individual drew thought from?



What use is it if it makes as much sense as a collection of dildos for koalas?

Picasso's 'art is a lie that tells us the truth' makes more sense to me everyday. Bring on the renaissance.

Prof. Anal

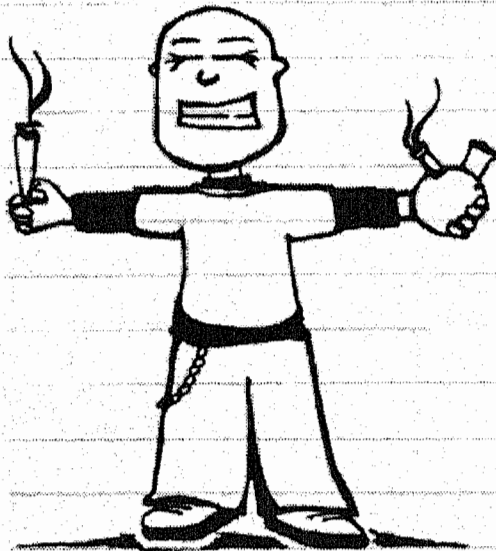
## Reminder:

The *On Dit* cover competition is almost over!  
May 9th is the last day for entries....

We here at *On Dit* endeavour to be a little more controversial than the rest. We do not shy away from revealing in the risqué. In short, we like to shit stir. So thanks to Johnny Blunt for assisting us in this endeavour with his 'naughty' doodle. If anyone has a doodle with potential, please submit it to the *On Dit* office.

DOODLE OF THE WEEK

DOODLE OF THE WEEK:



BY JOHNNY BLUNT

## Wenches, Whores and Song: *The Threepenny Opera* Comes to Town

Premiering on Saturday the 5th of May, The Theatre Guild's first production of 2001 will be the "satirical, cynical and delightfully piquant" *Threepenny Opera*. Directed by Julie Barnes, the production promises a mix of whores, thieves and rogues, reason enough to get back into theatre. Plus, there's singing.

In rehearsal since March 15th, four of the actors (Zen, Rowan, Georgia and Sarah) all thought the play

to be progressing along nicely. Even the prospect of singing did not seem to daunt them. Still, being a wench may not be all it's cracked up to be. Sarah is particularly wary of her parental response to wenchlike shenanigans. However, considering the play was written in 1928, before most of the cast members' parents were born, there seems little moral highground to stand on.

## House Among the Stars Director Rosalba Clemente Playhouse 1-12 May State Theatre Company of SA

After seeing the advertising for *House Among the Stars*, I was expecting the play to be a little more charming than it was. The catchphrase which headed everything I had read about the play was 'this is a play you simply can't help but fall in love with', but I'm afraid I didn't.

Set in Quebec, the *House Among the Stars* audience sees a country home throughout one night. Three scenes are intermingled, one in 1910, one in 1950 and one in 1990. As the moon crosses the sky and the stars gradually appear, three generations of the same family argue and face their problems.

The cast of eight includes one actor, Michael Finney, who plays three children, Gabriel, Marcel and Sebastien, one in each time period. The rest of the cast play one family member each. Each has his or her own demons that they face throughout the night. Accordingly there is a good number of emotional monologues, as the characters explore their anger and their sadness, often accompanied by a sense of loss. There are some good moments, such as the young Marcel frustrating his mother by persistently playing with his imaginary cat called Duplessis, or Mathieu, a gay man anxious because he isn't able to give his son a full family life.

Incest and homosexuality are present, but I felt they weren't properly addressed, or even stated out loud. These issues seemed to be kept behind a veil as if, had they been presented clearly to the audience, we would have stood up and walked out in disgust. As a consequence I felt that the playwright, cast and crew were trying to show me a play with controversial issues, but I just wasn't seeing them. I wouldn't even consider myself a 'seen it all' or 'nothing can shock me' type of person. Maybe I went into the theatre with too high an expectation of the play's willingness to push the social norms.

*House Among the Stars* was written by Quebecois author Michel Tremblay (translated by John van Burek). After reading an article on Tremblay and his work in *The Australian* (27/04/01) I was certainly expecting the play to be more shocking than it was. The article described Tremblay's efforts since the sixties to represent his people, the working class of Quebec, on the stage. He fought along with other artists, singers and writers to develop art that did not have its foundations with the French elite.

Tremblay's first play, *Les Belles Soeurs*, was partly written in joul, the working class dialect of Quebec. In 1965 nobody would produce the play, as such a diversion from the dominant culture wasn't even contemplated. Now, Tremblay says the people of Quebec love to see themselves in his plays.

The title, *House Among the Stars*, or *La Maison Suspendue*, stems from the imagination of 1910's Josaphat, who describes a rope holding the house suspended from the sky. The devil, he says, comes in a canoe and pulls the house away at night. Elements of fantasy are also enjoyed by the 1950's generation as Edouard thrills his sister-in-law with tales of the rich and whimsical society of the French casinos. Unfortunately, these moments of imagination were too few for me, again, not filling the expectations I came with.

While the theatre obviously places some limitations on plot possibilities, *House Among the Stars* had too much dialogue and too little story for me. The family groups argued through the night and resolution was found at the end, but hearing the same three discussions intermingled through the two hours just didn't capture my attention.

Cheryl



# Pretty Violet Stain

The past couple of years have been very hectic for Pretty Violet Stain. Originally known as Freak, they were unearthed by Triple J on the Gold Coast, and went on to be signed by Warner and tour with artists like Alex Lloyd and Shihad. They released their first major recording in 1999, which was a five track EP called *If The Money's Right*. I recently had the chance to chat with singer/guitarist/songwriter Shane Nicholson over his morning Berrocca about the upcoming tour and the imminent release of their first album, *Parachutes and Gravity*. The first single from the album, 'Talk', is receiving a lot of airplay, and its catchy melody is proving to be a big hit.

The album was recorded over a three month period in Wales, with Bird and Bush, who also are responsible for Welsh group the Stereophonics. Shane said: "It was sort of like something that you would read in *Rolling Stone* or *Q* magazine, someone like Blur going out to the country, getting in this studio for a few months and recording an album. It's sort of a rock star thing." The few months on the other side of the world enabled the band to concentrate sim-

ply on the music, without any distractions. It is certainly very unusual for something like this to be possible for a first album, rather than having to scrimp on studio time at the expense of the final product. It gave the band an opportunity to experiment with different instruments and sounds.

The album has actually been sitting on the shelf for quite a while as the band has been touring extensively. This has given them an opportunity to look objectively at the songs and refine them even further. They have had the opportunity to re-master some of the songs, and even to record a couple of new ones. The time was also beneficial for the band, as they learnt a lot musically about themselves. Shane said: "It's a different lineup and I think we're much more representative now of what I always wanted the band to sound like playing the songs I had written."

Touring together has helped them become tighter musically, and they have really learnt how to feed off one another. It has also helped them as: "You can actually have a constructive argument....it doesn't become personal. In the back of your mind you know it's for this greater purpose,



making the band better....all working together for the same goal." Touring also gives Shane quite a few ideas for new songs, which he can then look back on when the tour is over. Having been in the band touring for a while, instead of going out after the gig, he often will stay in the hotel room and write a song. Shane said: "Nothing compares to the feeling when you write a song and you finish

it and you know that it is good."

The band will soon be embarking on a national tour, supporting the Dandy Warhols. They will be playing at the Thebarton Theatre on May 2, and will be doing a mini tour of their own afterwards to take in the regional centres. *Parachutes and Gravity* will be out soon on Warner.

Poptart

# Frankenbok

Sometimes things just go wrong. This was one such occasion. Not only did the infamous On Dit dictaphone mysteriously disappear, but our allocated interviewer couldn't make it to the interview. But being the decent guys they are, Frankenbok allowed us to do an e-mail interview. The following transmission was received.....

**On Dit: Frankenbok. What is the origin of the band name?**

**Frankenbok:** The name comes from an American buddy that Aaron has hanging out with when he was living in Florida that made a bit of a bungle in mispronouncing the Aussie slang word of 'fairdink'em'.

**OD: What have you guys been up to the last couple of months (besides recording the EP)?**

**F:** Making a film clip for 'Don't

Call Me Baby' and organising two national tours - the dates can be found on our website : [www.frankenbok.8m.com](http://www.frankenbok.8m.com) - we also started writing new material for the next album. Also rehearsing like crazy to make sure that everything (the songs) is nice and tight for when we hit the road.

**OD: The artwork for the EP was cool. Where did it come from?**

**F:** The guy that did our artwork's Ivan Kenny-Sumiga. He works designing graphics for Playstation games - some of his previous work has included *The Berserker* cover artwork and his wife did the back up vocals on 'Don't Call Me Baby'.

**OD: Some people have described Frankenbok as 'nu-metal'. What do you think of this tag?**

**F:** I don't think we are. A lot of people have said that we sound old school. I think that just like any form of art it's open to interpretation. I'd like to think that we are a nice balance of various aspects without all the wank - although we can be quite cheesy.

**OD: Describe your music, in your own words.**

**F:** It sucks!!

**OD: What is the last album you bought?**

**F:** The last album that I bought

was *At The Drive-In* and the latest Foo Fighters.

**OD: Are there any other up-and-coming bands (beside Frankenbok) that you think will have an impact on the hard rock / metal scene?**

**F:** Local bands that I think are really cool and that people should look out for are: The Grand Silent System, Full Scale Deflection, .Higne, pillow, Truth Corroded and Devolved.

**OD: Now the big question....why 'Don't Call Me Baby'?**

**F:** Why? Well, we all have our agendas. I guess for us it was to open a door that perhaps commercially our own music alone couldn't. To give people a different perspective of what you can do to other songs. For fun, to take the piss, etc. There is no wrong answer when it comes to that nor is there one that I can give you that will articulate everything.

**OD: Are there any other songs that you would secretly enjoy covering?**

**F:** I always wanted to do the '3 Little Pigs' by Green Jelly or an INXS song.

**OD: How is it being signed to Roadrunner - a respected international label?**

**F:** It's great to finally have some



record company muscle behind the Frankenbok hussell. We have our feet in a door that we could never open by ourselves. Our heroes overseas have had us brought to their attention and we are treated well. Well, I'm as happy as a German in a Shisa film.

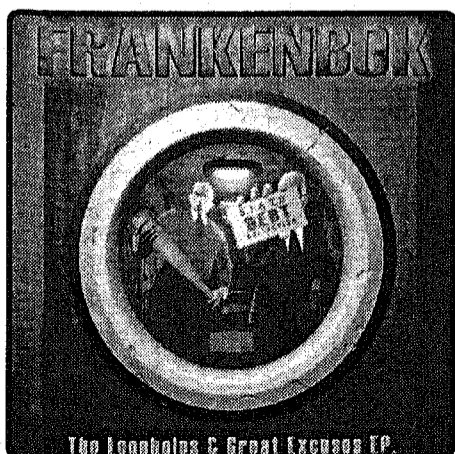
**OD: What can we expect from Frankenbok live?**

**F:** Five very hungry and excited young lads going for it. Perhaps Faith No More on speed.

**OD: Does Adelaide deserve the reputation it has (ie. live scene, crowds)?**

**F:** No comment.

Frankenbok's EP *The Loopholes & Great Excuses* is out now through Dark Carnival / Roadrunner Records.



# Palladium

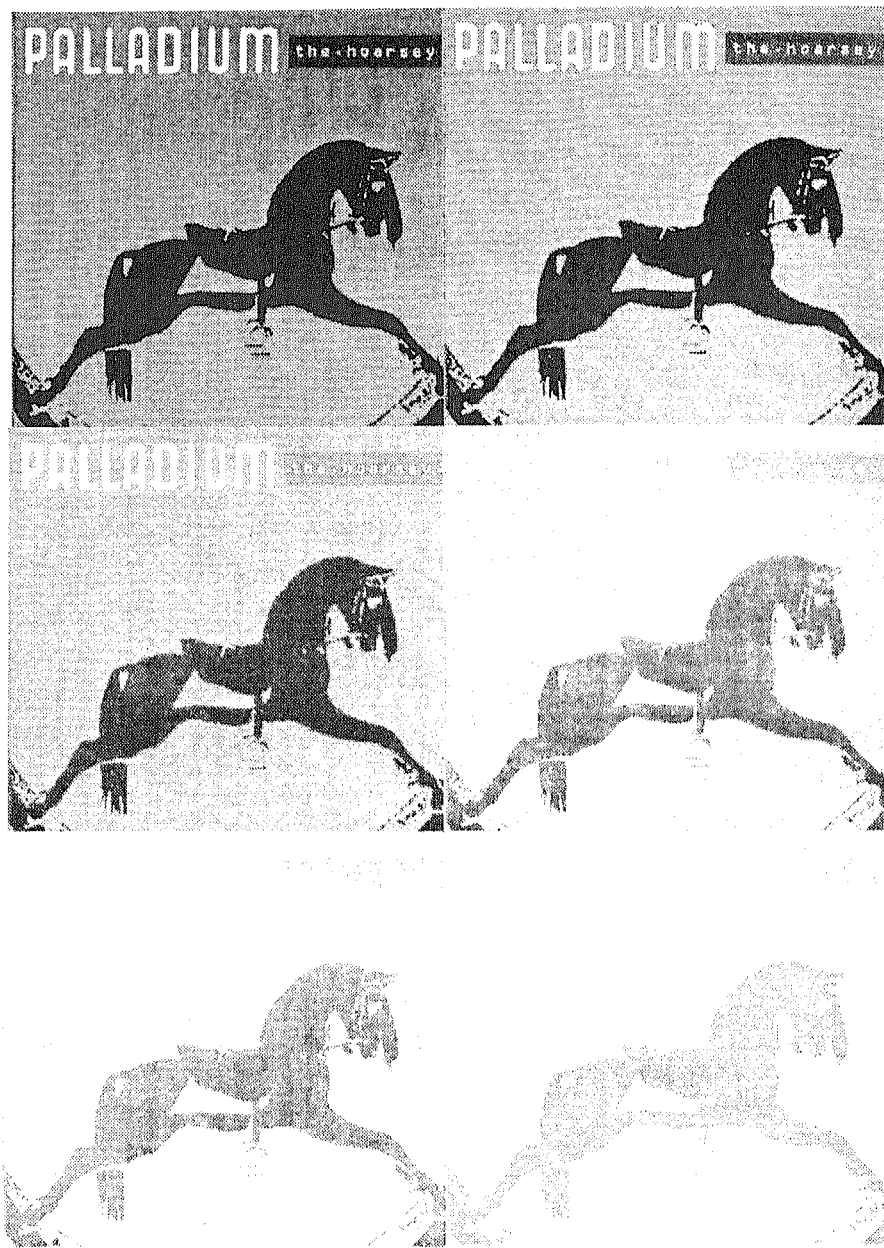
Fresh off the back of a successful tour with Superjesus, I talked to Brant Ward and Andrew Morris from Palladium about the band, their plans, and their place in the Australian music scene. After reviewing their ep, I was excited to have the opportunity to find out more about who they were and where they came from. The band was born in Brisbane about four years ago when the two talented singer/guitarists got together with a couple of their school friends, bassist Justin Sykes and drummer Chris Chalk. "We were called Earthward which is a bit folky, so we got rid of that." The name Palladium came written on a postcard from a friend overseas. It was the site of a Beatles gig and being fans, they decided it was a good choice. Their break came in 1998 when they were invited to work on demo tapes with Mark McElligott and Powderfinger's Bernard Fanning. Despite the interest that the recordings created, they did not release anything until *the hoarsey.ep*, which contains just four of their many original songs, came out recently. The songs are a joint effort of all the band members and inspiration for them comes from personal experience. "We're very honest song writers." The personal element in their music adds an integrity and passion to their performances that might otherwise be absent and makes their songs more than just the typical social commentary through rock, although the title song of the ep, 'Hoarsey' certainly contains much which could be described as social criticism. The ep will be followed up

## Palladium the hoarsey.ep Warner

Never heard of Palladium? You're forgiven - neither had I until last week. You won't be forgiven, however, if you're into rock and you don't give them a chance. This ep comes out with all guns blazing, from the title song 'Hoarsey', through to the beautiful final song 'Hartless'. Go Aussie music!

Kyles

in August/September with the release of their album, which has already been recorded. According to the guys, however, for now it is all about "Getting the name out there and about, getting people used to us". They'll certainly be doing that in their upcoming tour with superstars of the Australian music scene, Midnight Oil. As for the Aussie music scene itself, it seems to be in pretty good shape, with a lot more well-known bands and variety of styles. "We're getting recognition as a nation for producing world-class music... [the music scene is] not so dominated by the big America or the UK". Coming of age on the stages of the Brisbane music scene, Palladium was surrounded by this world-class music. They see the growth of Aussie music as a bonus for up and coming bands because it means that people sit up and take notice on a global level. And don't be



surprised if that happens to this band. With their 'grassroots rock' stylings and their combination of two key vocalists, which they see as something a bit different, Palladium has the potential to go a long way. So get out there and support this young Aussie

band with so much to say and so much to bring to the world of rock, whose stages may be well-worn, but which will continue to be popular as long as talented acts like this one keep emerging.

Kyles

## Better Living Through Circuitry

We arrived at the Mercury Cinema at about 7pm not quite sure what to expect. While we waited in the foyer, we amused ourselves with the three video game machines that were set up for us. As we got lost into the complex world of 'Space Invaders' on the Atari, danFreak provided the perfect soundtrack of hypnotic electronica. After about half an hour of the Atari and 'mingling', the now very packed room of people were allowed into the theatre.

As we took our seats, I was surprised to see that there were instruments and computers set up in front of the screen. You see, the first instalment of the night was a live performance by Cooperblack. With help from DJ Tr'p, Cooperblack performed his unique music to an appreciative crowd. I have to say, it was definitely a weird experience, seeing live electronica while seated in a cinema theatre! Nevertheless, Cooperblack and DJ Tr'p played brilliantly and the visuals they pro-

vided for each song really enhanced the experience. Cooperblack is a real funny, but talented guy. He played guitars as well as electronic instruments, and also provided the quirky vocals for the performance. After their show, it was back to the foyer for more Atari, mingling and danFreak behind the decks.

It was about a quarter to nine when we went back into the theatre to watch some local video clips, and then the feature, *Better Living Through Circuitry*. First up was Echelon's 'PHAT 343', which was screened on Alchemy recently. Next was DJ Tr'p vs. danFreak with 'Rock the Beat'. This video went down really well with the audience, as it involved lego characters driving around killing things, complete with tomato sauce blood! The last local clip was by Kristian Thomas, involving lots of scenes from anti-uranium mining protests. Then something weird came on... Mariah Carey was on the screen screaming over and over, followed by Harrison Ford shouting "Get down!". This clip was made by Americans, EBN (Emergency Broadcast Network) and collected scenes from movies, news and wherever else, put together into a song by cutting, pasting and looping these

video snippets. It was very clever, funny and weird.

With the video clips aside, we were treated to a short film by Kristian Thomas called, 'Thai Rave Scene'. This had some great footage of the 'Full Moon' parties in Thailand. After this, the US documentary, *Better Living Through Circuitry*, which focused on the rave scene in America, was screened. Once the documentary was over, we went back into the foyer for a bit while danFreak was again entertaining. Overall, I was really impressed with the whole night. All the local music and video was of a high calibre and there was a good turnout. This was a good indication that electronica is alive and well in Adelaide.

Mars

## Splintered Echo

Singer/songwriter/guitarist extraordinaire and self-confessed existential terrorist Tim Lucas, amazing lead guitarist and wild, sliding fool Ricky Lee Kradolfer, Mark 'the whiz-

kid bass expert' Sedan and Scott 'the best thing since Ringo' Montgomery make up this nothing-short-of-amazing ensemble better known as Splintered Echo. If you happen to be one of the few Adelaide unians yet to have checked them out - do so as soon as possible. Their unique brand of mellifluous rock has been holding audiences spell-bound and speaks volumes for the raw talent of largely undiscovered acts around our fair city. With lyrics and compositions to rival any leading band these days, it comes as a surprise at first that the songs are the work of these awesomely talented young men. While it is the brilliant originals which are drawing in the crowds, they also cover songs from bands such as Something For Kate and Powderfinger and do them more than justice. This is a local band with very real potential to be the next big thing, so you should really take the opportunity to check them out while they're free. You can usually find them on Thursday nights around 10pm at the Eclipse (the 'good end' of Hindley Street) and just as warning: if you want a good view, try and get there early!

Kyles

On Dit 69.9



# Local Noise

My thanks to those who listened to the show last Tuesday, it only covered a tiny fraction of the live material we have recorded over the years. There will be more 'Best of Local Noise' specials scattered throughout the year, but in the meantime, it's back to the live bands for this week. If all goes to plan, THE MARBLE INDEX will be doin' it to your collective earhole live in mono this Tuesday night at 9pm. Plenty of musical talent in this group, which is a collaboration of two well-known local alternative acts, Flat Stanley, Friction Suite and Avon. Laid back indie rock is what they know and do best. Here is the perfect opportunity for you to say, "yeah, I got into that band way before they hit the big time". 531, first on the am dial, or get onto the electronic internet at [www.adelaide.edu.au/5UV/](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/5UV/)

Being a uni student, it is quite likely that you are either in a rock and roll band, or have friends whose band

is 'really ace'. Did you know that nothing makes a band sound better than AM radio, and we even have a sound engineer to mix out the mistakes. For an opportunity for your 'next big thing' band to play live-to-air and get a free (incl. GST) CD copy of the performance, there is only one way (that I can print). Whip out the cassette recorder, insert out-of-date mix tape, press record and play simultaneously, and then do your rock thing. Now you have a demo tape. Leave it across the road at 5UV - 228 North Terrace, marked 'Local Noise Demo', with your contact details. If you can't be bothered, just put your band's name over a CD of some other decent band and that should do the trick. There is a bit of a waiting list at the moment, but all demos are considered and spots do appear every now and then. It's as easy as getting a gig at the Unibar...

denni d.

## Dirty Frank cd launch Lion Arts Bar Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> April

Aside from the usual Lion Bar management cock-ups, I imagine Dirty Frank and compadres were overjoyed by the success of the launch of *Some Kind Of Something Else*. Beginning the evening with Marquis, whose sublime yet dynamic style of rock-pop set the standard for the evening, and made a great choice in support band. (Don't miss them at Breakers on the 25<sup>th</sup> May). Marquis were followed by some unfortunate stand-up comedy. I can't watch stand-up, it's too painful. Then, what the family, relatives and associates had all been waiting for...the band they've all supported... Dirty Frank. I'm not sure if it was the acoustics of the larger venue or some extra practice or both, but the band has definitely progressed since I saw them perform several months ago at the Gov. Hindmarsh. Always solid as a band, the members are obviously more at ease with each other's style and have matured within their funk grooved, pop-rock styling. Their repertoire is wide-ranging, making the audience

dance or take a contemplative moment. There is only one niggling thing and that would be the invariance in vocalisation, but it's strong and emotive all the same. Check out your local cruisin' groove.

Prof. Booty

## Dirty Frank Some Kind Of Something Else Independent local release

The new ep from this local group is a chilled, story telling affair. Six tracks range from an easy groove to a swinging funk, transferring their current live sound to cd quality studio performance very effectively. Thorough in projecting each member's talent and style, special feature is made of the rhythm guitar, sax and bass. Added oomph comes from potent lyrics that build on the old imagination. All up, this is a solid product with the potential to create a new chapter in this band's life.

Prof. Booty

# Local Gigs

What local gigs should I be checking out this week...?

## Tuesday

Fred Neeson Jazz Explosion (who knows where they will take you) - Worldsend (after Local Noise)

## Wednesday

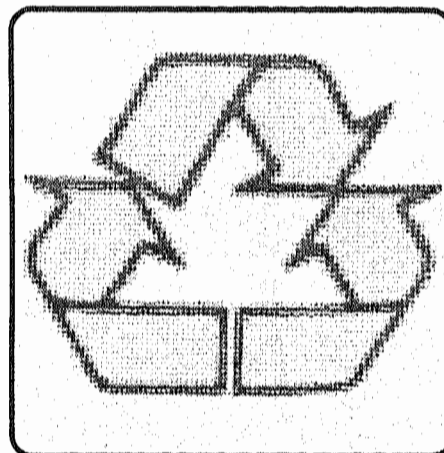
Jam night (Adelaide's best blues/rock mullet-wearing musicians doin' it off the cuff - bring your guitar) - Schumuluma Bar (The Brickworks Market)

## Friday

The Art of Fighting (from Melbourne, but worth checking out - dreamy) - Crown and Sceptre

## Saturday

Sprawl (CD Launch - Well respected heavy band)+Enemy Of?+ threchainbreak - Enigma Bar



## DJ TRIP

### Recyclise Reinterpreted Independent release

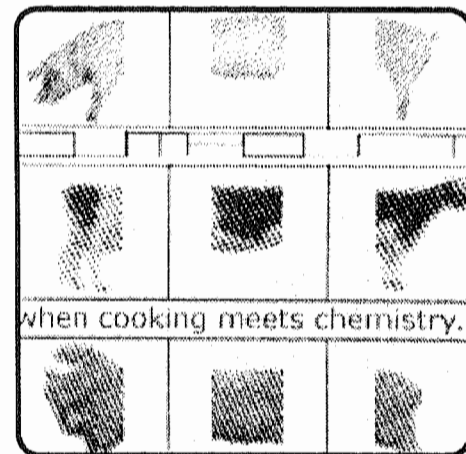
This is the third independent and self-funded release by Adelaide based DJ Tr!p. *Recyclise Reinterpreted* contains remixes of tracks from DJ Tr!p's 2000 release, *Recyclise*, by artists such as Cooperblack, danFreak, Oorigin, Skylark Audio, as well as some new tracks. The album has a dark yet ambient feel to it, flowing smoothly from track to track. DJ Tr!p manages to explore different corners of electronica with this album, yet he doesn't lose sight of his individual sound. There's everything from trip-hop ('what you do', 'location') to club-style techno ('vacuum' remixes) to experimental interludes ('may the earth heal you', 'be my lemon butterfly...').

I was very impressed with the overall quality and sophistication of this album, and highly recommended it to any fan of electronica.

"As an artist I explore and distil

sonic textures. These sounds reveal an environment clouded by layers of frequencies and definition." - DJ Tr!p.

## Mars



when cooking meets chemistry.

## Outpost

Whilst not co-inciding with my specific music tastes, this EP by Outpost is an unusual experiment with repetitive rock. The band is an Adelaide outfit, and much of the album seems to be a series of minor chords played repeatedly. The instruments seem to fuse together to create an angry buzz which I could not stand. To Outpost's credit though, the sound they create is greatly original and I have never experienced anything like it before. Unfortunately, the recording is low quality, and whilst not being my cup of tea, after conversing with a band member I was told this is the sound they aimed for, and they achieved what they were planning to record.

Tito

# The Marble Index

The Marble Index are a two piece outfit who have been compared by some to The Posies and early REM, while others have described them as equal parts dEUS and Leonard Cohen.

Jared Bertrum (vocals / guitar) and David Osborne (drums / percussion) began rehearsing together in November 99, working on material for the final run of Bertrum's previous band, Friction Suite. From there, the two made plans to work together in the future.

Bertrum describes The Marble Index as neither pop, electronic or funk - a rare thing in the current Adelaide music scene. "We think of ourselves as the antithesis of a lot of things," he said. "We are more about writing good songs - not pigeon-holing ourselves into what other people want us to sound like."

Drummer David Osborne is per-

haps the key to much of the pair's intensity. His slightly askew beats and sense of space make for a distinctive platform for Bertrum's indie-guitar.

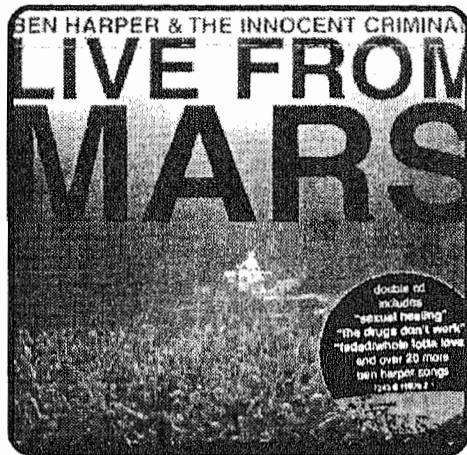
The duo - who take their name from the 70s avant garde Nicos album of the same name - should prove to administer a welcome injection of variety and musical resignation into the local live scene. Their debut record *Hi-Fi Kids Are Losing*, produced by Matt Hills (Ricaïne, The Mables, The Lucksmiths), was humbly recorded in Jared's house in the suburbs. "We just wanted natural sounds and a good representation of songs and I think we got it."

Look out for their live act, which is said to be as powerful as their studio recording.

Tristan

# I Should be so Lucky

## Album of the Week



**Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals**  
*Live From Mars*  
 Virgin

As a truly taken fan, this is a much welcomed edition to the Harper collection. I can't imagine what Ben and the Crims went through choosing this selection from the hundreds of live shows they've recorded. As expected, it features all the classics ('Ground

On Down', 'Excuse Me Mister', 'Burn One Down'), and some of the covers that Ben routinely pulls out ('Sexual Healing', 'The Drugs Don't Work') over two cds. The first disc is with *The Innocent Criminals* and the second is Ben alone and acoustic. If you've had the live experience you'll be more than aware of how unfulfilling Ben is in live recording. However, if you recognise anything in the world of tour technicians you'll see an amazing array of leading names who have aurally made this album the soundscape that it is. The team has definitely gone to every effort to bring the live feel, it's just that Ben Harper is such an intensely passionate performer to be in the same room with. Closing your eyes, you can't imagine as best you try. Don't understand what it is with Mr Harper? It's his lyrical, vocal, guitar (especially the 12 string) capabilities, and the ultimate focus he has on giving the audience his spirit. So it's a great album to reminisce of that time and place, and it makes a great excuse and accompaniment to rave about Ben to everyone, anytime. The 'waiting for an angel' is over.

Prof. Booty

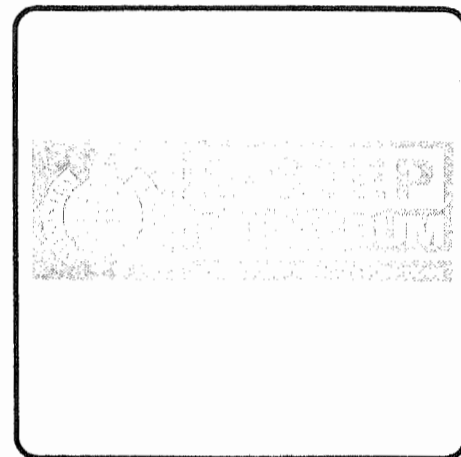


**Various Artists**  
*The Best Ever Disco*  
 Volume Two  
 EMI

Ah, it had to be done. The real question is though, where will they draw the line? Volume 3 or 4? It could go on forever, such was the allure, the power, of disco music. This compilation picks up right where the first one left off. The obligatory names are still there (of course): The Village People, Earth, Wind & Fire, Hot Chocolate, KC & The Sunshine Band and The Jacksons. However, this time a few of the lesser-known disco masters are included as well as the odd one-hit-wonder. With two discs worth of music, the only way to appreciate what is on offer is to check out the track listing yourself. Even this doesn't do the album justice - you know the old saying; 'You'll know it when you hear it.' You can't stop the music.

is awesome. This is world music. Dub, break-beat, drum and bass meets Indian vocals, tabla, swaleen and sarengi (to name a few), and melding in a way hardly comprehensible. It's deliciously smooth. Highlights are the spoken word on 'Abalonia', sounding somewhat like M. Doughty, the male/female duet and tabla on the love song 'It's Not Over', and the deep base fusion of 'Bobby Style'. Not to mention the sparse 'Silver Flowers', eerie keyboard, sarengi and vocals.

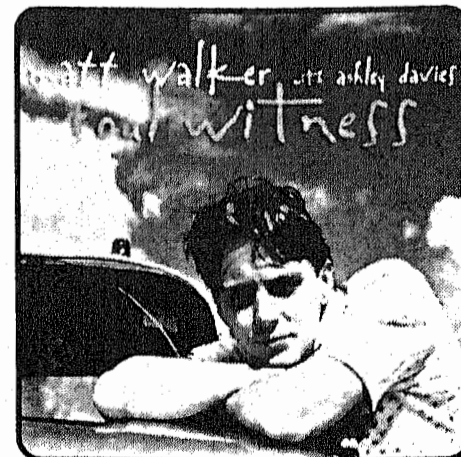
Prof. Booty



**Various Artists**  
*2-Step*  
 J. Ash/ Ministry of Sound

The latest release from the hallowed Ministry of Sound is an experimental mix of 'garage anthems' put together by James Ash. Fans of 2-step will be right at home here amongst this eclectic mix of songs, venturing into R & B and hip hop. Standout tracks for me were a great mix of 'Rewind' by the Artful Dodger, 'Love Shy' by Kristine Blonde and 'Darlin' by Bob Sinclair. A good album if you're into experimental 2-step, but otherwise fairly so-so.

Mikey



**Matt Walker with Ashley Davies**  
*Soul Witness*  
 W.Minc/Virgin

*Soul Witness*, one of the best Australian releases of last year, has been

## SINGLES

**Fuel**  
*Innocent*  
 Epic

Much in the same style as 'Shimmer' and 'Hemorrhage', this song starts light and then becomes heavy all of a sudden later on. It is full of long words, which means that it is supposed to be serious. 'Innocent' is the only song on the single but it has enough heavy guitars and energetic vocals to make up for the fact that just as you're getting into the music, it stops. Otherwise, I give this single 9 out of 10.

Janko Miskovich

**Bob Sinclair**  
*Darlin*  
 UMG

After listening to 'Darlin' Bob Sinclair's follow up to 'I feel for you', I am reminded of a phrase that should be common to most. If you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all. But hell, thank god for the remixes, at least they're half-decent, but only just..

Sam

**Eskimo Joe**  
*Wake up*  
 EMI

Eskimo Joe bring us yet another very good song. After songs such as 'Sweater' and 'Ruby Wednesday', this song seems more serious. The other song on the single, 'Hey Now', is also quite good but 'Wake Up' is more important right now. Although sometimes the lyrics don't really make sense, the song has a good beat and a somewhat catchy melody and would make a fine addition to anyone's CD library.

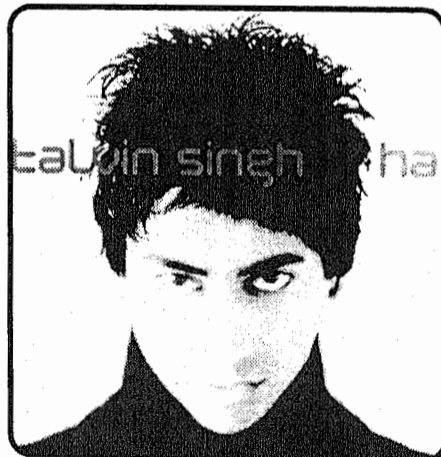
Janko Miskovich

**Cut Copy**  
*1981*  
 Modular

Recorded in a bedroom studio, '1981' harkens back to the early days of synthesized pop. Melbourne-based Cut Copy pay tribute to the early eighties quite successfully in this electronic sound-scape. Cheesy bass, analog blips and large amounts of synthesizer. Hope they've got the hairstyles to go with it.

Jorm

Jorm



**Talvin Singh**  
*Ha*  
 Island/Universal

Talvin Singh and his cohorts are so talented I don't know that I can aptly appreciate this album. Well, not without listening to it a bit more. Talvin Singh is what could be referred to as an 'artpreneur'. He has created a revolution of sound from his London club, Anokha, by fusing his classical training in tabla, his parents' Indian record collection and his youth spent break dancing to electronic music. The diversity of sound texture



# Lucky, Lucky, Lucky

re-released with an accompanying bonus disc and a bright orange sticker slapped on the case stating just that. For those who aren't familiar with the album already, its sound is quite different from a lot of other Aussie 'alternative' releases of late, being best described as country-blues, but at the same time not really sounding totally like either. Consisting of songs penned by Matt himself, Dave Graney and others, there are many standouts on the album, ranging from the mournful opener 'Deepest Valley' through to the instrumental 'Black Rose', which features some terrific lap-steel work (sounding not too dissimilar to the classic 'Ground On Down' by Ben Harper). The bonus disc, consisting of the fantastic new track 'Don't Need Sunshine' and six live song recordings is certainly a welcome addition, with the live recordings showing us that the talent this outfit possesses is not confined to the studio alone. This is definitely one to check out.

Jase



**Ricky Martin**  
**La Historia**  
Sony

Let me get my embarrassment out of the way by letting everyone know that I chose to review this album simply because my flatmate loves Ricky and it was her birthday. I am not a Ricky fan, although I have to admit that the man knows how to sell himself. This album is not new material, it is simply his back catalogue of hits repackaged and sung in Spanish. At first the tracks sound strange because you catch yourself trying to sing along before realizing that it's kind of like trying to sing *La Bamba*; you may think that you sound alright but everyone else is laughing at you.

This album is worth perusing for the sleeve alone. There are some pictures of Ricky from his early days on *General Hospital* that are absolute rolled gold. The long wavy locks and rippling biceps give me the insane desire to either giggle or retch. There is also a potted history of his career in both English and Spanish. I haven't actually heard a lot of the songs before, with the exception of *Living on a Prayer*

*Vida Loca* and *She Bangs*, as the majority are from his earlier albums. Basically, if you really get into Latin music, this is a great party CD. If not, go and buy something else instead.

Poptart



**Elevator Suite**  
**Barefoot & Shitfaced**  
Festival Mushroom

Best described as the perfect soundtrack to an Ibiza holiday, this album is just one big slab of softcore funk. Maintaining a very 'summer' feel throughout, *Barefoot & Shitfaced* is easy to listen to, but lacks vitality. Using samples from the likes of Quincy Jones, Elevator Suite spin the lyrical tales of rich kids' summer parties: cocaine, sunshine, cocaine, sex, more cocaine, and...uh...more cocaine. 'Weekend Wonderboy', 'Airhead' and 'Sixteen' are all promising tracks, but they lack energy.

This album will probably be a big hit with people who like a little bit of ambience, a hint of funk, and a lot of sampling.

jen



**Trans-Global Underground**  
**Yes Boss Food Corner**  
Ark21 Recordings/  
Universal

If you can imagine African tribal drums thumping, complemented by

sitar, and almost hymn like Arabic singing or smooth, dark funky beats with suave English rap lyrics, all melded with a European dance flavour, you can imagine the music on this album. From the grand and thumping opening track 'Drums of Navarone', this album takes you on a journey of music which can't be boxed or stereotyped, as each track changes in style and mood. One minute you're listening to the funky and mellow sounds of 'Spellbound', and then you're confronted with the dark, slick and cool 'Woodward Avenue'. I have only mentioned three tracks of this ten track, fifty six-minute masterpiece, which has spent the last week fused in my CD player. But for anyone who likes *Faithless*, world music, dance or just a very high level of quality out of your music purchases, get this.

Callum



**Daft Punk**  
**Discovery**  
Virgin

The duo that comprise Daft Punk ARE brilliantly daft punks, but I'm not sure that's any excuse for *Discovery*. There are two motives behind this travesty, one complex, and one simple.

Motive 1: In rebellion from *Home-work's* brilliance and success they decided to take a new slant on their music. That is, picking all their favourite music genres that were transferable to electronica, but finding the kitschest possible examples to work by. Yet, at the same time, challenging themselves to go all out on production, using every knob, effect or plug-in they could muster. Therefore, being completely self-indulgent, but amazingly so, creating catchy pop-electro that will both laugh in the face of their record company and sell like hot cakes.

Motive 2: They took too many drugs and decided to make a soundtrack to a spangly '80s aerobic/porn home movie.

Either way they're guilty of creating something damn fine, yet laughable.

Prof. Booty

## SINGLES

JDS

**Nine Ways**  
Warner

This song came out about four years ago, and was named one of Pete Tong's essential songs of the last decade. Well it's been re-released in the form of three new remixes by Plump DJ's, Darude vs JS16 and Perpetual Motion. Since at least one of the mixes will appear on one of the many new dance compilations, it's probably not worth buying the single.

Mars

**PlanetFunk**  
**Chase The Sun**  
Virgin

Nice end-of-summer tune for the dance floor. Pleasant. Yes. Cruisy, so it would be nice for in the car. I'd wait for the album though because the best the single can offer is an extended mix and an instrumental. Not too interesting.

Prof. Booty

**Dario G**  
**Dream To Me**  
Mercury records

From the guy who gave us 'Sunchyme' comes the newest single 'Dream To Me'. It's a remix of The Cranberries song (which probably has the same title). Apart from the radio edit of the title song, there are three remixes which, in my opinion, are better than the radio version. Overall this single is good to listen (and dance) to and I'll definitely be hanging out for the album.

Janko Miskovich

**Jakatta**  
**American Dream**  
Ministry of Sound Recordings/Rulin Records

This is quality, 100%. That's all I really have to say about this single, but since I have 50 words to describe it, I might as well sing the praises of it. It has a nice light, ambient feel, sampling 'American Beauty', the song from the movie from the same name, while oozing class, which is infectious.

Callum

# I Should be so Lucky in Love



**Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band**  
**Live in New York City**  
 Columbia

When Bruce Springsteen was elevated to the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame a year ago, there was a public outcry - what about the E Street Band? Springsteen himself, while obviously grateful for the honour, could barely suppress his disappointment over his compañeros not receiving the same recognition.

I have to admit I think his solo albums - *Nebraska*, *Tunnel of Love*, *The Ghost of Tom Joad* - are his best work, but Roy Bittain, Nils Lofgren, Clarence Clemmons, Steve Van Zandt, Garry Tallent and Max Weinberg have contributed more to that trademark Springsteen sound than any other backing band I can think of off the top of my head.

*Live in New York City* was recorded towards the end of the band's recent national tour, and it manages to capture all the energy of a Springsteen show. It's definitely not their best album ever; but it does prove the band should have made the Hall.

**Jonathon Dyer**



**The Orb**  
**Cydonia**  
 Universal Island Records

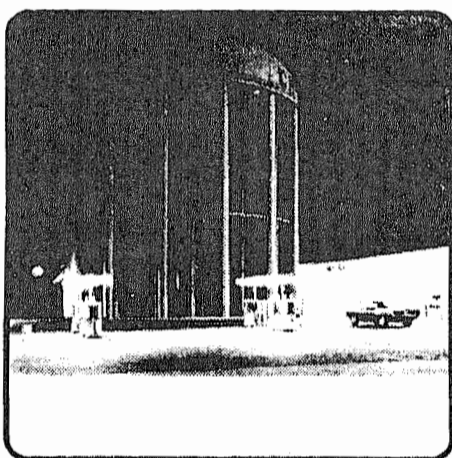
Haven't heard of The Orb? Well that's because you're damn un-edge-u-catered, so pay attention. These guys have done some mighty fine pioneering work with the electronic music genre. Oh don't stop reading now,

otherwise you'll never know how the story ends...

One week ago, I was pretty un-edge-u-catered myself, not knowing what to expect from this album. Cover art consisting of an orange seal balancing an Egyptian pyramid on its nose was an interesting start. As for the music, The Orb's move towards vocals should help this album appeal to a wider audience. Much of the content is relaxingly laid back, with only one or two seriously electronic tracks.

**WIERNNESS NOTE:** Track 5 ('Egnable') is just some French guy *trying* to speak in English over the top of carnival music, and track 12 ('Thursday's Keeper') is drum and bass meets horse racing.

**MGF**



**Bill Frisell**  
**Blues Dream**  
 Electra-Nonesuch

Bill Frisell is a highly acclaimed guitarist, whose name is often seen on bills featuring the great jazz performers of our time. He is no stranger to any style of music, performing alongside John Zorn and Joey Baron in the awesome 90s punk-jazz-hardcore band *Naked City*, but is equally at home plucking slinky bluegrass hooks. *Blues Dream* also appears in some way to be an addendum to his last solo offering, the beautiful and atmospheric *Ghost Town* (1999), indeed some of the opening tracks are very reminiscent of this album. The difficulty in delivering a simple review of this album is that it can be interpreted in a number of ways, all of which fail to correspondingly give an overall 'rating'. Firstly, this record is not a blues record, in fact one of the shortcomings of the record is that it feels uneasily stuck between Jazz, bluegrass country and possibly blues genres. Lastly, this is a varied and highly listenable record with a sound and definition only a master of his (and their) instruments could achieve, however a sense of anticlimax prevails when the listener discovers this is not simply Frisell playin' the blues.

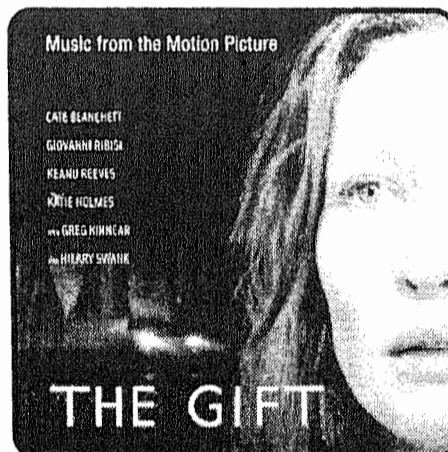
**Case C. Sinclair**

## GIVEAWAYS

The lovely Cherie from EMI has given us a few copies of Ben Harper's *Live from Mars* album to give away. Be quick for this one - *On Dit*, Wednesday, 2:00pm. Due to popularity we may have to think of something special for this giveaway....be prepared!

Wade at Warner has kindly let us have some Pretty Violet Stain *Parachutes & Gravity* albums. Same time, same place.

Roadrunner has thrown us a couple of Frankenbok *The Great Excuses & Loop-holes* EPs too. Again, same time, same place.



**The Gift**  
 Various Artists  
 Take One/Shock

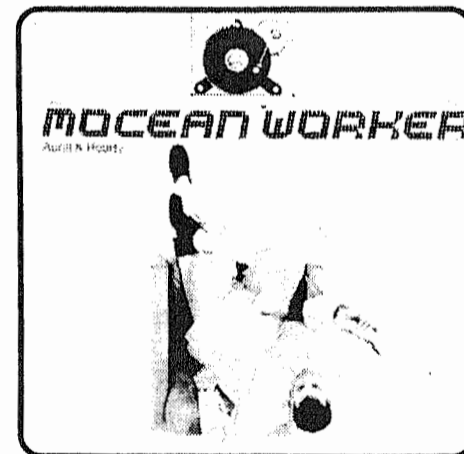
Soundtracks tend to be hit-and-miss affairs at the best of times. The producers always seem to want to cover as many bases as they possibly can in the constant search for the holy grail of movie tie-in merchandise - the demographically-transcendent product.

The soundtrack album of *The Gift* is a part of that great tradition, even though it starts on the back foot of being a collection of country songs; yes, old and new songs, but still country. Throwing Willie Nelson up against Loretta Lynn, Merle Haggard against Neko Case, what were they thinking?

In spite of the makers' best efforts to screw it up, however, the album somehow works. *The Gift* is essentially a murder-mystery, and each song in the set adds something to the overall sense of dread set in place by Christopher Young's score set-pieces. Even the cheerfully morbid 'Every-

body Wants to Go to Heaven (But Nobody Wants to Die)' starts to sound kind of creepy on the second listen. Listen to it with the lights on.

**Rusty Springfield**



**Mocean Worker**  
**Aural and Hearty**  
 Palm

This is the third album for Mocean Worker, aka Adam Dorn. He comes from Philadelphia and worked on the soundtrack to *Million Dollar Hotel*. *Aural and Hearty* has some very nice stuff on it, including the current single 'Tres Tres Chic'. The album is a mixture of breakbeat, house, trance and, last but not least, there's quite a bit of lounge. Oh, and 'Step' is very '70s disco. It's very layered, and the surprise comes on 'Air Suspension' which has the looped vocals of Bono on it, but it doesn't sound like him at all. All up, it's not bad, and it's got a lovely bright pic of Dorn in a yellow rain suit on the cover.

**Grace**



## SINGLES

### Taproot

#### Again And Again

Velvet Hammer, Atlantic, Warner

A hard-rock / nu-metal hybrid that follows that standard formula. However, Taproot shows much more promise. The vocals are clean with the occasional scream rather than rapped and the music is strong without doing anything amazing. Hey, Fred Durst hates them, so they must be all right!

Jorm

### Robbie Williams

#### Supreme

EMI

What else can I say but I love Robbie with a fiery passion. He could sing about pink cats and I would melt into a little puddle. So you are probably not going to believe me when I say that 'Supreme' is a slice of pop perfection. The melody is incredibly catchy and the lyrics meaningful. Please believe me! You must own this single.

Poptart

### Wyclef Jean

911

Wyclef Jean is one of the most inventive male performers in rap. His newest single, '911', off his album, *The Eclectic*, is extremely innovative considering the world of rap around now. Wyclef does not rap, instead he sings in a way reminiscent of Bob Marley. '911' is an attractive, soulful tune featuring Mary J. Blige, which shows how hip-hop is diversifying in the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

By Tito

### Scandal'us

#### Me, Myself & I

Song Zu/ Festival Mushroom

As someone I know (but can't remember) aptly stated, there is only one word to describe this single: over-produced. Not that there is anything wrong with that if that's what you like. And the teeny-boppers love that kind of thing, so good on 'em.

By Penny

# Clubs & Classifieds

## Sports Association

Adelaide University Sports Association Inc will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Tuesday 29th May, 2001 at 1pm in the North Dining Room (level 4 - behind the Equinox) followed directly by Sports Council.

Nominations are called for the following positions:

A one (1) year term for:

President

Deputy President

Hon. Secretary

Hon. Treasurer

(Please note that the Secretary and Treasurer MUST be students of the University of Adelaide) and three (3) general positions for a two (2) year term to be determined at the Council Meeting following the AGM. Nomination Forms will be available from the Sports Association Office.

Nomination Forms MUST be submitted by 5pm Friday, 11th May, 2001

Voting will take place from Wednesday 23rd - Friday 25th May, 2001, if necessary for the Executive.

## Soccer Club

Notice of AGM for the Adelaide University Soccer Club.

Monday 14th May from 6:30pm in the WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the UniBar).

All enquiries should be directed to Bill Hill on 8362 3537.

## Touch Club

AU Touch Club is looking for players for the upcoming winter season. We welcome all playing abilities for

men's, women's or mixed teams. Come out and try touch at a training session: Wednesdays, 6:15-8pm at the Unifields across the footbridge - meet near the cricket nets by the boatshed.

## LOST

Ladies leather 'biker' style jacket. 2 buttons on top collar, silver zip, 2 buttons on bottom. 'Milan Leather' label stitched inside. 2 zip pockets on the front. Lost last week of term. If anyone has seen it or has it, please give me a call. There's a reward for its return. Ph: 0408-148-219.

### Submitting a Classified:

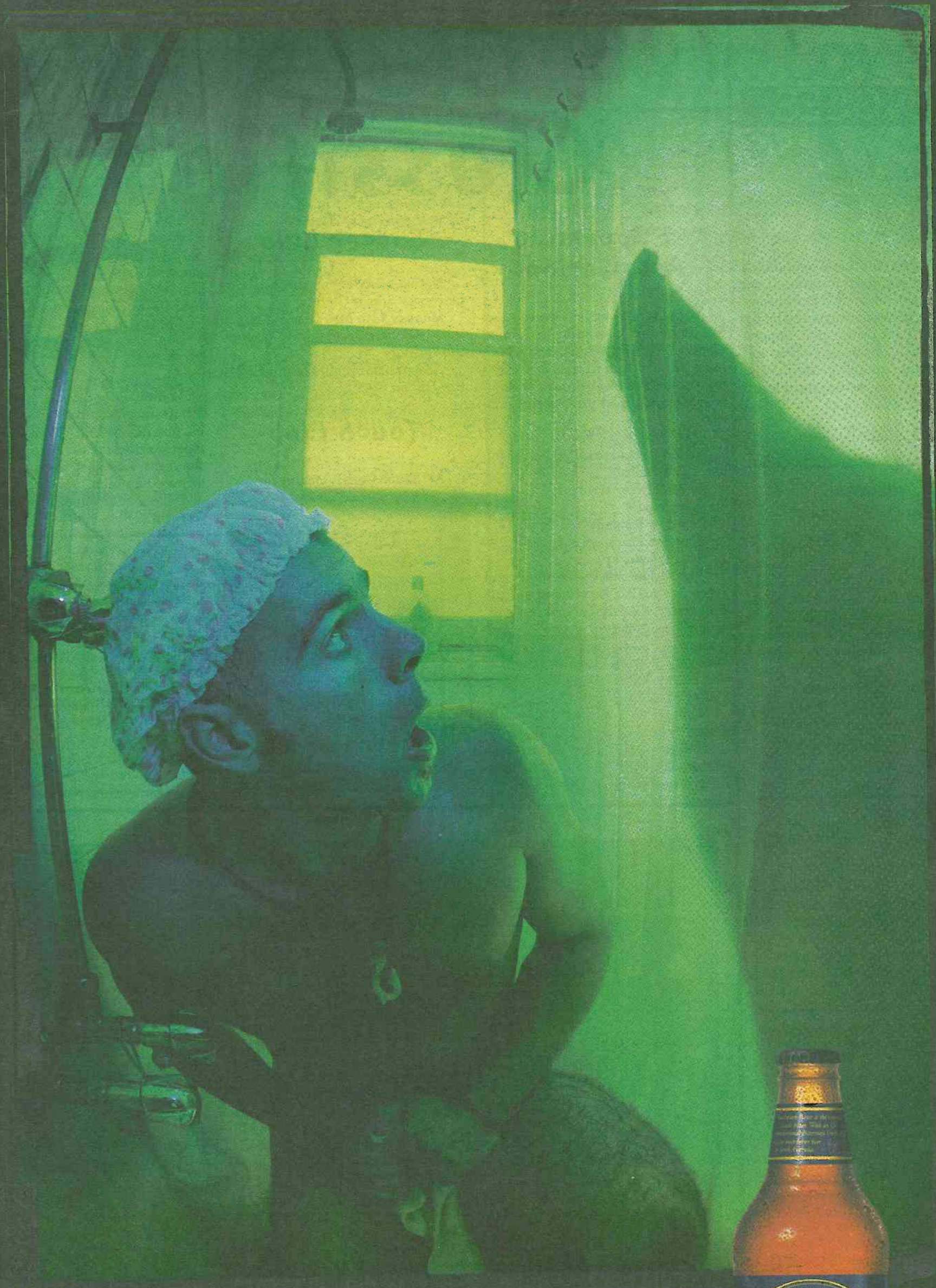
- Please have your classified in by Wednesday at 5pm.
- Please keep your classified to 50 words or less.
- Please do not submit anything that is commercial in nature.

All classifieds can be submitted by dropping them down to the *On Dit* office (just off the Barr Smith Lawns) or emailing them to: [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au)



Abba say:  
Bye bye! See you next week!





# Killer Bitter

With 25 IBUs, there's nothing in South Australia as bitter.

